

# *The* AMERICAN GIRL

May  
1951 20¢





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by MARJORIE CINTA

**Calling for Isabel.** By VIRGINIA MURRILL JEFFRIES. *Longmans, Green and Company*, \$2.25. Could she be the beautiful and popular belle of her mother's dreams? Would she be successful and happy as the librarian she had lately been picturing herself? Was it true that "no one dances with librarians"? Should she date Mark exclusively, and if not, what was her responsibility to Jim, who sent her an orchid and seemed to be falling in love with her? What about her relations with her parents, whom she did not always understand; with her younger twin sisters, who were often full of mischief; her older brother, who was almost a stranger? All these and more are the questions to which sixteen-year-old Isabel was intelligently and earnestly trying to find the answers. Many things worked together to help her attain the strength and integrity, the self-confidence and sense of personal security, the happiness she came to know. Full of parties and gay times, the book is written with honesty, sincerity, wisdom, and understanding. Isabel is the sort of fun-loving, clear-thinking girl you would like to be. Her problems are your problems, too, and her story will be important to you because her experiences make such a fine yardstick to go by in these days when we need young women like Isabel.

**To Tell Your Love.** By MARY STOLZ. *Harper and Brothers*, \$2.50. To pretty, popular Anne Armacost, at seventeen, life was rich and exciting, full of enchantment and expectancy. Then she met Doug Eamons and her world became a shadowy place in which only Doug was real. For a time, first love was magical and sweet, and then came bleak, empty days in which Anne lived for the sound of the telephone. But it was never Doug's voice on the other end of the wire when she rushed, trembling and breathless, to answer. This is the sensitive story of the way in which intelligent, spirited Anne faced the painful experience of a lost first love. Each member of her small, loving family tried to help—Mr. Armacost, an English professor who loved his garden and hoped one day to tame a hummingbird; Mrs. Armacost, who lived in fear that her innocent deceit in the matter of her baking prowess would one day be discovered; big sister, Theo, a nurse, who loved poetry; and graceful young Johnny, who kept a diary and yearned for brawn and muscle. But Anne had to fight her own battle, and fight it she did with pride and courage. She learned a good deal about love that summer. She saw what happened to her classmates, Sam and Nora, when a high school romance ended in an unwise, too youthful marriage. She watched the flowering of Theo's adult

(Continued on page 41)

## I Was a Chubby Little High School Girl ...Now I'm a Popular Teen-age Model



Not so long ago, when I was 15—I was fat, with thick legs and an oversize waistline. Then, when I decided to become a model, I had to practically make myself over!

In changing myself from a girl who just slopped along to a girl who had to look her best at all times—I discovered plenty about good looks, grooming and personality. Believe you me—those glamour routines really pay off! They did for me, and I guarantee that if you follow them they will make you look prettier. And you'll have lots more fun, too. You'll find all the "know-how" in my new book, just published:

### Betty Cornell's TEEN-AGE GLAMOUR GUIDE

This is not a book for your mother or your grandmother. It is written especially for YOU. It shows how you can be more attractive, have more fun with the crowd you pal around with, get more dates, be at your best at proms and parties, and enjoy the life of a teen.

Here you will find all the secrets of smartness and good grooming that Betty Cornell learned when she became a teen-age model. You will see how YOU can develop YOUR beauty and charm by following the suggestions Betty Cornell gives you. For example:

#### YOUR FIGURE

What to eat to lose weight; to gain weight.  
The truth about between-meal nibbling.  
Advice to Lazy Lids who can't get up in time for breakfast.  
Bringing lunch to school—what to pack, what to leave out.  
Warning to girls who BUY lunch, and how to steer clear of danger.  
How to keep family dinners from ruining your figure.  
How to eat at a party.

#### YOUR SKIN

What to do about splotchy skin.  
How to get rid of pimples, blackheads and hickies.  
How to apply cleansing cream.  
What to do if you have oily skin, dry skin, or skin that is part oily, part dry.

#### YOUR HAIR

How to get sheen and gloss into your hair.  
How to get rid of dandruff.  
Brushing your hair the way models do.  
Shampooing your hair.  
How to set your hair.  
How to choose your most flattering hair style.  
How to be known as a girl with beautiful hair.

#### YOUR MAKEUP

The most important thing about makeup.  
Little tricks that keep makeup from looking obvious.  
How to apply powder base and powder.  
What to do about rouge.  
Proper way to apply lipstick.  
Don't be silly about eye makeup.  
How to have pretty hands.  
How to apply nail polish.

#### MODELING TRICKS

What makes a model look so straight and tall.  
How to stand "in one line."

How to walk gracefully, with fluid movement.  
How to look lovely while dancing.  
The secret of standing with one foot at a right angle to the other.  
What to do with your hands when you stand or sit.  
How to photograph well.

#### YOUR GROOMING

Your best insurance against being pushed out of the social swim.  
Tips on bathing and use of deodorants.  
"How nice you smell."  
To shave legs and underarms, or not to shave.  
Do teens need a girlie?  
Should a teen wear a bra?  
Suggestions on stockings, underwear, accessories.

#### YOUR CLOTHES

How the eye can be fooled.  
When to choose clothes with wrap-around lines, slim lines, pleated lines, gored lines, diagonal lines, or radiating lines.  
What colors are becoming if you are brunette, blonde, redhead, or in-between.  
How clothes should be related with skin color.  
Picking clothes to suit your personality.  
Clothes that mix and match.  
How not to be "out-dated."

#### MONEY

How to raise the cash for an extra formal or a fro-u-frou blouse.  
How to get a steady income.  
Part-time jobs.  
Baby-sitting.  
Cash in on cooking.  
Raising money for others.  
How to handle your allowance.  
Modeling—does it pay?

#### YOUR PERSONALITY

How to keep from folding up when the social whirl slows to a standstill.  
How to make yourself more attractive to others.  
How to develop your own personality and "make like an individual."  
Don't get a "crowd complex."  
How to put you best self forward and have fun.



**FREE  
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See for yourself how much you can benefit from the honest advice and smart tips on grooming in Betty Cornell's **TEEN-AGE GLAMOUR GUIDE**. Read this wonder-working book for 5 days—then either return it and pay nothing, or keep it and send only \$1 a month until low price of only \$2.95, plus few cents postage, is paid. Mail coupon NOW to get your free-trial copy.

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**2. That very day,** I began the diet-and-stretching regime my Doctor Dad had been promoting. And, I started the *other* part of my "new personality" project . . . went straight to SINGER, signed for a teen-age dressmaking course, found it cost only \$8!



**3. Of course I'd heard** of SINGER's marvelous sewing courses. (I'd heard of eating salads, skipping sweets, too—only this time, I *acted*!) Well, just as Dad promised, my skin and hair *did* begin to sparkle, my hips to slim! And just as SINGER promised—

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# The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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### MAY COVER GIRL

Cheryl Archer, our May Cover Girl, has also appeared on Broadway and in the movies. She maintains an over-ninety scholastic average and has just won the local preliminaries in a nationwide spelling bee. Cheryl thinks Sandra Lee's jacket dress is an excellent choice for a busy girl. The muted plaid dress has broad built-up shoulders piped with white piqué and is complete enough to wear alone. Topped with the piqué jacket, it's perfect for town, and the jacket may be worn over other outfits. Subteen sizes 8-14, about \$8 at the stores listed on page 58. Jewelry is by Coro. Fire Weed lipstick and nail polish by Peggy Sage.

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She had to get out of there...

# THAT GIRL IN WHITE

by NAN GILBERT

Illustrations by Sylvia Haggander

"IT SAYS HERE," my brother Bruce read from the newspaper, between mouthfuls of pancake that only another thirteen-year-old male could equal for size, "that a committee has approached the mayor about putting a yard quarantine on dogs. Because of that one that had rabies. Gosh!"

"So what?" I asked morosely. I had far heavier troubles than a dog quarantine on my mind this Saturday morning. "We don't have a dog, anyway."

"Well, the McIntyres have! Their St. Bernard's so tough Mrs. McIntyre has to take him walking while I mow the lawn! Gosh, if they quarantine him to that yard, the grass can grow chin-high before I'll mow it!"

"Shucks, he's so old he's outgrown his teeth,"

I scoffed dispiritedly, pushing away my plate.

Mother, coming in with a fresh batch of pancakes, said, "Goodness, Babs, through already? What's the matter?"

"It's too hot," I evaded. A valid excuse, with the mercury pushing past ninety to begin the second week of our unexpected May heat wave.

"Are you feeling all right?" Mother asked anxiously. Mother is what you'd call the worrying type. "You didn't eat supper last night either. And you wouldn't go watch the play rehearsal when Don and Bill asked you."

I gulped. Mother was getting too close to the cause of my gloom. "Oh, that!" I said, managing a pallid smile. "I had a pain in my ankle. Where Louella's dog bit me the other day."

"Bit you?" cried Mother in great alarm.

"Oh, it's fine now," I added hastily. "It wasn't much of a bite, anyway. More of a friendly nip, you might say."

"And you're sure you're feeling all right?"

"Just wonderful," I answered hollowly. So wonderful I would have no excuse to keep me away from school Monday. Like a prisoner bound for the gallows, I would have to walk my last mile—only it was four blocks—and mount the scaffold. There would be a notice posted on the bulletin board—"The junior class play, 'Girl in White,' is indefinitely postponed"—and a group would be hovering over it, buzzing,



I looked into a huge, hairy face which opened and let out a roar pitched to be heard an entire Swiss Alp away

"Hey, what happened?" Miss Cram wouldn't leave them long in doubt.

Miss Cram is our principal, and the blight of my life since the junior-class play committee made me publicity chairman for "Girl in White." Honestly, the way she reacted to my best publicity ideas, you would think I had asked her for a cheese-cake photo!

I would have done even that to put this play over. I've gone all out on this publicity job. Deep in my heart, I know I was given it just to keep me off stage, because . . . well, you see, in our freshman play I backed over the footlights into the orchestra, and last year, when I was only prompter, I got so interested I forgot the mighty oak in front of me was scenery, and leaned on it.

Tragedies like that could be forgiven a *little* girl—the petite kind that just looks cute. But when the oak and I landed on-stage, the boards thundered, dust rose like a London fog, and cute is the last word anyone would apply to my awkward, red-faced scramble to surge onto my size nines again. I'm just too darned big!

I had planned to erase those memories by making "Girl in White" a terrific sellout. And I had done a swell job, too, staging one whooperoo stunt after another until only a blind and deaf person could still be unaware that the junior class was

presenting the tops in entertainment next Monday night.

My only difficulty was Miss Cram. Miss Cram is all for dignity and discretion, and my publicity efforts must have been bringing her to a slow boil. Anyway, just before school yesterday afternoon, she skewered me as I was ducking into English Lit. and pronounced an ultimatum: Kenley High, she said, had heard enough about "Girl in White." Classes and discipline had been upset for the last time. Any more publicity about the play, and it would not be given. Did I understand?

I understood all right. Horror rolled a black cloud up on my horizon. "B—but Miss Cram," I gulped, "just one more—I mean, I just *have* to—"

"No," said Miss Cram.

The class bell rang, and I stumbled into English Lit., looking wildly around for Don and Bill Ritchie. Don and Bill—they're twins, and so big themselves I feel really comfortable with them—had aided and abetted me in most of my publicity schemes, and they had the star role in the final one I had planned for this afternoon. I simply had to see them right away.

They weren't in the classroom. They hadn't come in when the final bell rang. My heart lifted just a trifle. Maybe something had gone wrong with our scheme. Maybe, after all, they hadn't been able to arrange it.





And then, five minutes later, they walked into English Lit. grinning like apes. I sent up frantic distress signals from across the room. They grinned more widely, and flapped their arms at me. Desperately, I scribbled a note. The teacher intercepted it in mid-passage, and dropped it in the wastebasket. I sat there, biting my nails while the perspiration dripped coldly down my back.

At the first tinkle of the two o'clock bell, I was on my feet, but the twins were even faster; and there were two dozen kids between us. Frenziedly, I clawed and clambered through them to the door.

"Hey, Don! Bill!" I screeched.

From down the hall, where they stood posted by my locker, the twins waved amiably.

"Okay!" they shouted. "Here she goes!"

"Wait! Hold everything!" I yelped, hurdling the remaining bodies in my path.

Too late! The boys had flung open my locker door and, before I could slam it shut, out sailed the pair of snow-white pigeons that the twins had planted there on their way to English Lit. Screeches and squawks and giggles crescendoed in the hall. More kids poured out of classrooms to find the reason for the bedlam. Above the mob, the pigeons flapped in stately circles, while from their feet swung our notebook-

paper banners: "Are these the Girls in White? Come and see! Monday, 8 P.M."

It was publicity de luxe, until suddenly Miss Cram's voice sliced like a knife through the uproar, whittling it to silence.

"Barbara Garson!" she cried.

I didn't wait for the words that would inevitably follow. Faster than sound, I zoomed down the hall and out the open door, pursued by the pigeons. I hadn't any doubt about what would happen next. Miss Cram is a woman of few words, but all of them count double. The junior-class play was doomed.

All last night and this morning, I had rehearsed possible explanations, but none clicked.

In midmorning, Don and Bill came over, though with nothing to contribute but more gloom.

"We can tell her we did it," they offered.

I shook my head. "She would never believe I didn't plan it. After all, it was even my locker."

"Gosh," said Don heavily.

"Gee," said Bill.

I mustered a wobbling smile. "Cheer up. She may break a leg before she can post the notice."

"Or get hooked by a bull," Don suggested hopefully.

"Or bit by one of those rabid dogs!" Bill brightened. "If you get rabies, you act like a dog, don't you? I'd sure like a record of Miss Cram barking!"

"You hear her doing it every day," Don reminded him.

Right after lunch, Louella phoned. Louella has the lead in "Girl in White," and when I heard her voice, thick with tears, I thought for an awful moment she had heard what I had done to the play. But her grief was for her poor old dog.

"It was terrible, Babs, but quick . . . I'm so glad it was quick! The driver felt awfully bad, but, of course, it wasn't his fault. Brownie ran right in front of the car."

"Gleeps, Louella, that's a shame!" I sympathized, banishing forever any hard feelings I had cherished toward Brownie for nipping me.

Little love as I had had for the dog, I was close to tears myself when I hung up and went out to plop on the porch steps. The world seemed very weighty. I watched Bruce trundling our lawn mower toward McIntyres' and whistling shrilly, and thought how little we appreciated the happiness that is the lot of the very young. A tear skated down my cheek at the realization of how far such irresponsible youth was behind me. Mother, bringing a box of seedlings from the garage, stopped short.

"Why, Babs, you're crying!"

"It's nothing," I sighed. "Mother, you shouldn't be out in this sun. You're red as a beet."

"It is hot." She wiped her flushed forehead. "But, Babs, it's not like you to cry. Something *must* be wrong!"

Poor Mother, she really did look bushed. I was sorry about worrying her, so I mopped my face, and said, "It wasn't anything, honestly. Louella phoned, and she was feeling so low I guess it was catching. You know that dog of hers that bit me? It's dead."

I hadn't realized how overheated Mother really was until right then. She gave a little moan and keeled over on her knees. But she was up before I could reach her, laughing a little shakily. "My, this heat does make a person dizzy, doesn't it? I guess I need a good, cold drink, or—something. No, Babs, don't you get it! You just sit right there, and—and look at the plants!"

I stared at her amazedly; Mother wasn't usually the wacky kind. But laying it to hot-weather humor, I began scooping holes for the seedlings, wishing I could bury Miss Cram in them. Then Mother reappeared, breathing fast.

"Now, don't worry; everything will be fine," she said rapidly. "Dr. Redfield isn't in, but his wife thinks we'd better go straight to the hospital. That seems safest because she doesn't know much about these things herself. She's phoning the nurse, and she'll send the doctor as soon as he comes in."

"Oh, Mother!" I gasped. If she had telephoned the doctor, that fainting spell must have worried her! Maybe it wasn't the first one. "Don't give it another (Continued on page 46)



For better, for worse, she's forever mine, Gullan thought, as she sat on the floor to stroke Blackie's ears

**G**ULLAN BORG lay listening to Nessie, identifying the sounds she was making. The slide of hangers along the iron bar. The brisk, competent adjusting of cloth on wood and metal.

"How long have you been . . . ?" Gullan Borg asked suddenly.

"Blind?" The Canadian girl's voice sounded less muffled as she poked her head out of the clothes closet. "Two years or so. But for five years before that—operations and stuff." She clicked back another hanger. "Why, Gullan?"

Gullan Borg sat up on the bed and

fumbled with her toes for her wedgies.

"You—do everything. Wash your hair. Pin-curl it. Unpack and know where everything is. Read as if you were reading print. Mend and press. Even knit! And"—she thought back across the blackness of this past year—"and you're never—scared!"

Nessie laughed, a good friendly laugh.

"That's what you think," she said. "Everybody is scared of the dark. Until you lick it. And make yourself boss of it, instead of letting it boss you!"

Gullan opened her mouth to say some

people could and some couldn't. And she was one of the could-nots. But Mr. Robert's voice shouted up from belowstairs. She swallowed all the hot, bitter words and felt her way carefully to the bedroom door.

"Like meeting that German shepherd I'm getting this morning," Nessie said over a mouthful of hairpins. "Right now I'm scared to death to meet Nikki. What if she doesn't like me? And then, I remember. If she doesn't, it's just up to me to make her!"

Gullan found the knob. She stood for

a moment gripping it as if it were the hand of her last friend. Then she opened the door and walked cautiously, as if she were stepping on eggshells, left along the corridor, until the wall ended and space opened up, wide and echoing and awful. That would be the first of the clutter of steps that eventually led you three floors downstairs—on your feet or on your head!

She counted as she walked. Two. Turn. Seven. Turn. Six. Turn. A length of hallway again. Find that post. Find that post!

"Okay!" came a sudden voice at her shoulder. "Right here."

Gullan had been so tense she almost fell at the sound of the voice. But she took hold of the door latch Mr. Robert's hand led her hand to. And she stepped inside the great limitless void that was the recreation room of the eight pupils who were Mr. Robert's class. Mr. Dickerman's pupils had a tomb, just as echoing, across the hall.

And now I wait! Gullan thought, standing where Mr. Robert had left her when he shut the door. She hugged herself inside her pink Angora sweater and felt the goose bumps on her arms. And wait. And wait! It was a question which was worse—the waiting or the eventual facing of that creature that was soon to be hers. A Labrador for her, Mr. Robert had read this morning from the list. A black Labrador retriever. Name, Blackie.

If I could only run, Gullan thought, shivering. These past two days of getting used to the great sprawling house that

She tried to find her tongue, to beg him to stop, but the words refused to come. She stood on her wedgies, stiff, hardly breathing, listening. For an instant she almost relaxed—what if the creature had refused to come inside? She tensed again. Feet. Dog feet! Nearing—

"I am not afraid of dogs!" Gullan reminded herself. Hadn't she always had pets? "But—this!" This was different!

The animal was nearing. Desperately, remembering, Gullan held out her left hand. She felt the sticky chill of the raw hamburger that Mr. Robert had pressed into it as he left her at the door.

"C—come, Blackie!" she whispered. "C—good dog, Blackie!"

The first inquisitive touch of the icy, wet nose on her hand almost made her scream. But she stood her ground. And suddenly there was a warm muzzling into her fist, a gentle, warm, wet tongue carefully licking.

"B—Blackie!" Gullan gulped. She could feel a stinging in her eyes. "C—good dog!"

The meat was gone now. But Blackie was still licking. Gullan opened her hand wide and let the tongue fondle it. Like Bruno, she thought. Like any pet dog!

"Hello, girl!" she said unsteadily.

There was a sudden rush, a lift. And dog paws lay lightly on her shoulders. A warm dog tongue was carefully washing the wet salt from her cheeks.

"You—you b—big—cow!" Gullan half sobbed. "Y—you—big elephant you, Blackie dog!"

"That's hardly ritual!" Mr. Robert's

"It's like—getting married." Nessie said suddenly from where she sat on the mat beside her bed, getting acquainted with the great shepherd. "She eats the meat out of your hand. You snap on the leash. And from then on—for better, for worse, for cake or bread crust, for satin cushions or bare floors—forever yours!"

"Yup!" Gullan said unsteadily. Cross-legged on her own floor mat, she had Blackie's silky head in her lap and was gently stroking the long flop ears that were soft and warm as a baby's cheek.

But next morning—reprieve was over. Students sat at the long tables in the dining room, with their dogs, rebellious and restless, at their feet, while the two working trainers, Mr. Robert and Mr. Dickerman, read the names of the first contingent that was to go downtown in the station wagon for the first day's harness training with dog. Through the drone in her ears Gullan heard her name. She heard Mr. Dickerman read Nessie's. In a matter of minutes, Gullan stood on the great columned veranda of the beautiful old house that was the school, waiting for the roar of the car that she had already come to know during those two days of training with the trainer himself.

Three men waited with her, each with his dog. The attorney from California. The man from Hawaii. The pastor from Pennsylvania.

The car roared up, stopped. A car door clicked open.

Mr. Robert said crisply, "Okay!"

Gullan felt herself and the straining

Blackie caught and carried forward by the movement of the others. Four with dogs for Mr. Dickerman's station wagon; four with dogs for Mr. Robert's. The four miles through green and spring-rich New Jersey country, to Morristown, were a confusion of dog tails in her face and wet lickings on her neck, with dogs, still being trained, trying to get up

into laps, a tangle of legs and feet and harnesses and equipment. One instant Gullan was sure she was going to cry. The next she was helplessly giggling. She held her hand on her Braille watch, in the wild hope that stopping the hands of it would also stop time. This drive seemed to her fantastic—what was at the end of it probably would be even madder! Gullan had had two preliminary days of dogless walking, tearing down streets and across streets beside trainer Robert, gripping him by the special harness handle, (Continued on page 34)

# "Good Dog" FORWARD

by SKULDA V. BANER

Illustrated by John Vornio

That was Gullan's command to her dog. Could she find the courage to learn to obey it, too?

was the Institute, becoming accustomed to marching along the crowded streets of the town with Mr. Robert playing dog on the end of her harness—they had been bad enough. But from now on—no turning back. One solid month of panic upon panic—and now no turning back.

"If I could run," Gullan wailed, her heart like a wild, caught bird inside her. "But how can you run in the dark?"

That sound was the door. The door opening! She tensed.

"Okay," Mr. Robert's voice called cheerily. "Here we come!"

voice, guarded against laughter, came suddenly from the doorway. "I never taught you to use your Seeing-Eye for a washcloth!"

"I—I—I—" Gullan stuttered. Just in time she remembered to snap the leash she was holding so grimly to Blackie's link training collar.

Somehow—by what stumblings and fumbings Gullan never could remember—they were upstairs, she and Blackie together. In a little while Nessie came in with her enthusiastically wagging Nikki dancing on ticking toes.



Nancy Rossman of the Towson High School near Baltimore, vice-president of the U. N. Y. of Maryland



U. N. Y. of Maryland

Nancy Rossman talks over plans and activities for the U. N. Y. of Maryland with Barbara Harvey, who is membership chairman of the group

by ROSA KOHLER EICHELBERGER

## United Nations Youth

**W**HEN YOU ARE old enough to vote, you will be a full-fledged citizen of your town, your State, your nation, and your world. This privilege of voting will enable you to help select your leaders and give you a voice in the policies they carry out.

But many of you, still in your teens, are wondering what you can do now—before you reach voting age—about the problems that affect you as well as adult voters. You and other high school students all over the country have shown that you can get results in school and community projects, and you want to do something constructive about international problems. You realize that we all live in a big world neighborhood, and you want to do your part in helping the neighbors of the world, near and far, to understand each other better and get along with each other.

You are, of course, studying at school the work of the United Nations, to which "we the people of the United States" send our delegates to meet with delegates of fifty-nine other nations and try to solve problems that interfere with a peaceful world community. You know that there

have been forward steps and successes, setbacks and failures too, and have probably come to the conclusion that it's going to be a long, slow, painful job. What, you may ask, can teen-agers do to help now—besides preparing to take over the job later?

As you study the work of the United Nations, you discover that working for a better world follows the same general pattern as working for a better school or a better town. It's done through the democratic method which you use every day in your student councils and clubs.

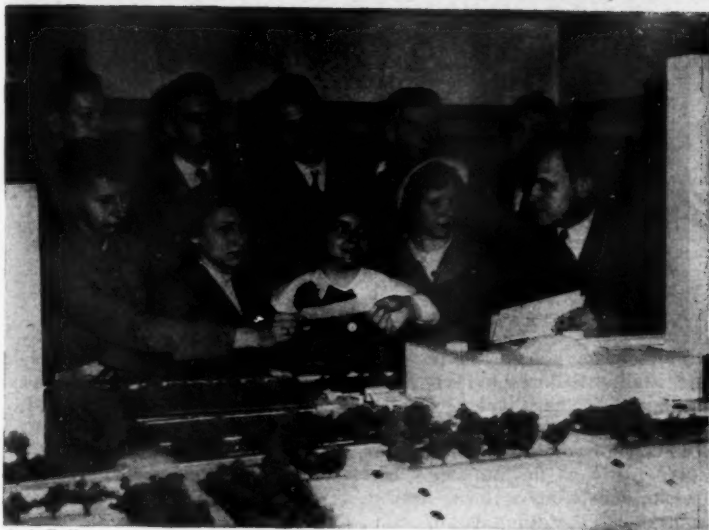
If you have helped to plan and carry out some project for improving your school or town, you have no doubt found that a group working together can do much more than one person can do alone. But where can you work with a group of young people on these big world problems? You can do much, of course, to build world friendship and understanding through such organizations as the Girl Scouts, the Camp Fire Girls, the Junior Red Cross, and many others. But there is one organization devoted entirely to the promotion of world peace through the United Nations—the American Association for the United Nations. This

organization has a college section, called the Collegiate Council for the United Nations, or C. C. U. N.; and a high school section known as United Nations Youth, or U.N.Y.

United Nations Youth started in 1945, the same year that the Charter of the United Nations was written. It began when the American Association for the United Nations called a Metropolitan High School Conference on the United Nations in New York City. It was organized because high school students *wanted to do something* about world problems.

They are doing something! High school students have formed many United Nations Youth groups. There are several in and around New York City. Geneva, New York, has an active one, and there are others in upstate New York. Pennsylvania has several, the largest in Pittsburgh. There are some in Michigan and in Southern California, and one in Seattle, Washington. Maryland has the largest and most active group. Others are being organized because young people are clamoring for them.

The members of United Nations Youth are doing constructive work right now, as well as preparing for the important



A. A. U. N.

At the United Nations Building, Philip Willkie awards prizes to the New York City winners in the 1950 A. A. U. N. National Student Contest



Albert D. Dixon of the Douglass High School in Baltimore, current president of the U. N. Y. of Maryland  
U. N. Y. of Maryland

**"What can teen-agers do about the world problems that affect our way of living?" Here is one answer**

job of being citizens of the world. These young people have faith in their own American institutions. They know that the United Nations is working for the principles of peace with justice. They face the future with a firm conviction that it is possible to build a peaceful world community.

Let us look at the aims and purposes of United Nations Youth, as formulated in 1945 by a constitutional committee of the young people themselves.

**To prepare ourselves, members of United Nations Youth, to be well-informed and useful citizens of a country which is a member nation;**

**To help maintain peace;**

**To develop a spirit of co-operation and understanding of young people in other countries;**

**To give these young people in other countries who need it all the aid in our power.**

There may be a United Nations Youth in your town. If so, you are no doubt eligible for membership. In most places both junior and senior high school students may become members, but in some



Gordon Clapp addresses the delegates to the Fifth Annual Institute of the Collegiate Council for the United Nations which was held at Finch College in New York City

places membership is limited to senior high school students.

You can always start one if there is no United Nations Youth in your town. Many of your friends are probably just as concerned about international problems as you are. Even if only five of you want to organize, you have the beginning of a United Nations Youth group.

Be sure you have some public-spirited adult to act as your adviser—a teacher or religious leader, or someone who is well-known in civic or service organizations. Every group must have an adult

adviser. You may have several, if you wish—a board of advisers.

Your next step is to write to the national headquarters of United Nations Youth at 45 East 65th Street, New York 21, New York. Tell them that you want to form a United Nations Youth. Give them the names and addresses of your prospective members. Include the name and address of your adult adviser or advisers, and the positions they hold in the community. U. N. Y. national headquarters will tell you how to proceed and will make (Continued on page 54)



# Healthy You—Healthy U.S.A.

by HELEN CIANCIMINO

Drawings by Irv Koons

**H**AVE YOU EVER noticed how people say they are "enjoying good health"? Only when you're healthy, can you really be at your best and fully enjoy living. You've probably noticed that practically every beauty article you read in magazines or newspapers starts out with health. From Hollywood to New York, the beauty counselors, the skin specialists, the make-up experts, the hair stylists know that there isn't any artificial way to provide the radiance and buoyancy of the healthy girl. Always the refrain is: "See to your health first."

Seeing to your health has always been important to you. It's doubly important today. If you aren't bouncing with vitality and energy, you can't possibly hope to volunteer your services where they will be needed—and they will be needed more and more. There are so many jobs Uncle Sam will be looking to you to do, but they are jobs you will take on in addition to your usual activities. You'll be able to do them faithfully and efficiently only if you are "in the pink," as athletes say.

Let's take a closer look at what good health means to you—in the way you look, the way you act, the way you feel.

Nobody can define "beauty" exactly, because you can be pretty with many different kinds of features, with hair that is straight or curly, with almost any coloring. But some things all good looks have in common. Hair has to be glossy, eyes have to sparkle, a complexion must glow with natural color, a body must be lithe. Only good health can add all that to your appearance.

You know how hard it is to look pretty when you have the sniffles or a toothache? And isn't it even harder to act "pretty"? Your personality flounders when you're feeling generally miserable. What smiles you can squeeze out are half-hearted, what jokes you can master limp, and your attempts at being either a good talker or a good listener bog down.

You want to be fun, have fun, and share in fun, and drawing other people to you will be easier when you're feeling your best. You'll find yourself liking almost everybody because you feel on top of the world; people sense your interest and find themselves liking you right back! You can't be quite so disappointed or

depressed or hurt when you're full of vim, vigor, and vitality. Failures and setbacks are more apt to become challenges than roadblocks. When your spirits are high because all of your youth is running on all cylinders, you won't fly into tantrums or burst into tears.

Yes, health makes all the difference to you personally. But maybe you've come to think of good health habits as almost a kill-joy routine? Actually one of the nicest features of working for health is that it can be fun!

**F**OR INSTANCE, what you eat has a great deal to do with your health rating. It isn't the amount of food you eat, either, but the kinds of food. Now, you can make eating a game and a voyage of discovery. Isn't it fascinating to find out which foods will do the most for you and how much of each goes into a balanced diet? So you don't like eggs or milk. Have you ever experimented with different ways of preparing them? Maybe plain soft-boiled eggs are poison to you, but peek into a cookbook and discover all the ways this important protein food can be served. And find all the delectable ways there are of getting your quota of milk, if you don't want to drink all of it straight.

Your body requires certain foods to keep you alert, happy, peppy; to help you have a clear, smooth skin; to protect your vision, your teeth, your bones; to keep your muscles in good condition. Here are the foods that you should eat every day: one or more servings of meat, fish, or poultry; one egg; at least two fruits (one of them orange, grapefruit, or tomato—whole fruit or juice); at least two cooked vegetables (one of them leafy, green, or yellow); one portion salad or other raw vegetables; one potato; two or more servings butter or enriched margarine; two or more servings whole-grain or enriched bread or cereals; and at least one and a half pints of milk, preferably a quart.

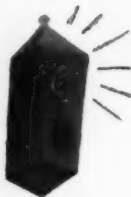
And be sure to drink plenty of water, especially in the summer-time.

You'll want to start each day off right with a good, hearty breakfast. At breakfast time you should get about a third of the day's food requirements. When you do, you have more pep, your reactions are faster, tasks seem lighter.

**ALTHOUGH** eating the proper food will help protect your teeth

from decay, diet alone won't spare you expensive and often painful dental work. You must brush your teeth regularly. Ideally, you ought to brush them after every meal, before any food particles settle and have a chance to start their destructive work. If you find it inconvenient to use a toothbrush after every meal, at least try to rinse your mouth thoroughly with water, especially if you have indulged in sweets. You shouldn't fail to brush your teeth at night, however. The hours when you're sleeping are also the hours when decay can proceed most swiftly, given the opportunity. Brushing your teeth means more than a lick and a promise, too. Whether you use paste or powder, brush inside and out, front and back. Keep your toothbrush in good shape and ask your dentist to advise you about using special dentifrices or having one of the new decay-prevention treatments. Be sure to call on him twice a year to have your teeth examined thoroughly.

**EXERCISE**, another health basic, is wonderful, too, because you can take it any way you like. Brisk walks (practice walking until you can do five miles without tiring), cycling, skating, skiing, swimming, tennis, golf—you have fun, make friends, and keep healthy—what







could be pleasanter? If you make sure some of your exercise is out in the open, and is not just a once-a-fortnight business, you'll be helping to take care of another health rule—rest. Sun, wind, fresh air, physical exercise, and laughter shared with friends will send you off to sleep the minute your head hits the pillow. You need nine hours of that rest, *every* night, and an additional rest period during the day may be wise.

**H**OW MANY times have you heard Mother, Dad, or your family doctor repeat—monotonously, it probably seemed to you—"Stand straight! Don't slump! Hold in your stomach!" Good posture can be one of your staunchest allies from a health and beauty point of view. It's really true that you make it difficult for your body to function efficiently when you crowd your organs. Muscles lose tone, blood can't circulate freely, your lungs don't expand as fully as they should if you're doubled up like an accordion. Headache, backache, or a general feeling of fatigue can result from spending hours in ungainly positions.

You don't look very pretty, either! No matter how good your figure, or how becoming your clothes, they'll be undone by sloppy posture habits. And do remember that good posture means sitting properly as well as standing properly. If you slump back in a chair, middle caved in, chest flat; if you sit bending forward, back curved; or perch at the chair's edge, back and shoulders tense—then your sitting gives you no real rest, because some of your muscles will be strained, others sagging. When you sit properly, you're all the way back on the chair seat; your body is upright but relaxed; hips, shoulders, and head are in line.

How about the way you walk? The right walk is free and easy—toes pointed forward, legs moving close together, knees limber, body in easy balance—with head, shoulders, and hips in line. Try it and see how much more comfortable and graceful it is than a head-forward stride, a toeing-out waddle, or a stiff, pavement-pounding tread.

So far, we've been discussing health mostly in relation to personality and prettiness. But that word "health" is the great common denominator, as your math teacher would say, for personality, prettiness, and patriotism as well. Isn't it

a happy coincidence that you can also serve your country while you are serving yourself?

Why is it so patriotic to be healthy?

We'll start with the most practical consideration. You probably have read or heard about the shortage of doctors and nurses in this country. Even in normal times, there just aren't enough to go around to meet everyone's needs. Now, in an emergency situation, with the armed forces snowballing, some of the

Health is everybody's business. Today, when our country needs the best energies of all of its people in order to meet any possible emergency that may arise, it is more than ever important for each one of you to do your utmost to keep well and strong. There are many things that your community, State, and national health organizations do to safeguard and improve your health, but there are many things that you alone can do. By doing these things—and keeping yourself at the peak of health—you can make a very real and significant contribution to the defense effort. And here is one field in which young people can serve just as well as adults. We are counting on each one of you to do your part.

*Leonard A. Scheele*

Surgeon General, U. S. Public Health Service

already limited supply of trained medical personnel is being drained away from civilian practice. That means that in your town or city fewer doctors and nurses will have to care for larger numbers of patients. The healthier you can keep, the less need there will be for you to take up the time of these already overworked people.

You know, too, that most teachers today have a heavy load of work, and it may get even heavier as they are called upon for additional services in the community. Well, healthy students are alert students, and a teacher can handle larger classes better if you and your fellow students aren't listless because you aren't quite up to par. Also, when you must stay away from school because of illness, you're holding back others as well as yourself. In addition, your teacher must give you an extra share of her time to help you catch up.

Of course, you realize that when you aren't radiant with health, you create problems at home. When you're sick,

Mother has to give to you that extra time which might be important in volunteer work or a part-time job. The money Dad earns is already having to stretch farther, because he's paying higher taxes and because prices have risen—and illnesses do cost money.

Naturally, you can't expect to be "in the pink" always, every day of the year. Some illnesses and accidents are unavoidable; some of us may have constant or temporary health problems that call for special attention. Sometimes you really do need medicine, extra attention at home, doctors, nurses, and hospital care—you just can't help it—and this can happen to any one of us through no fault of our own. But, now more than ever, it is important that you avoid being sick because you are careless, or slipping below par because you are just lightly skipping over or ignoring some easy, pleasant step to good health.

**DON'T LET your carelessness** burden your family unnecessarily. How are your highway habits? Traffic accidents among teen-agers do run high. Do you obey traffic rules whether you're walking, riding a bicycle, roller skating, or driving? These rules were made for your protection, and following them is just good common sense. You can help cut down on accidents in your home, too, by observing basic safety rules. A little extra care and watchfulness will prevent many a blister, cut, bruise, or other painful injury. And you can do your best not to expose yourself needlessly to colds or other communicable diseases. Avoid getting badly sunburned in summer; wear rubbers and raincoat when it rains and be faithful to the rules of personal cleanliness. Remember to have a thorough check-up by your doctor at least once a year.

Serve yourself and your country; safeguard your future and your country's future by investing in good health today!

THE END.



# A Girl Called Hank

by AMELIA ELIZABETH WALDEN

Illustrated by Ardis Hughes



In spite of herself Hank enjoyed the furor caused by her new hair-do

## PART III

## THE STORY SO FAR

**T**HE NEXT DAY Maggie Dorn called a special meeting of the basketball team, with everyone but Carol present. Hank found one thing commendable in Maggie Dorn in spite of her many faults; she always came straight to the point.

"Last night I spent some time thinking about this team," she said. "Your past record is good, but your showing so far this year is very poor. Evidently something is wrong." She looked around the circle of interested faces. "I can make a pretty good guess at the trouble. You don't like me or my methods."

*Although Hank Baxter, Brighthaven's tomboyish basketball star, thinks she has little in common with school reporter Gregory Sutherland, he keeps right on angling for a date. Hank is in conflict, too, with the new Brighthaven coach, the embittered former tennis champion, Maggie Dorn, forced to give up her beloved sport because of an injured hand. An old rivalry flares between Hank and her oldest friend, Francie, when Francie begins to curry favor with Miss Dorn and is given Hank's place as team captain. The championship which Brighthaven has held for years is endangered by the new and unpopular coach's system of "set plays." In spite of the antagonism between Hank and Miss Dorn, Hank protects the coach by not telling the school nurse that Miss Dorn refused to come when summoned to attend Hank's protégée, Carol, who, upset because of her mother's illness, plays in a tournament and collapses. Unseen by them, Miss Dorn witnesses the scene between Hank and the nurse and is impressed by Hank's fairness.*

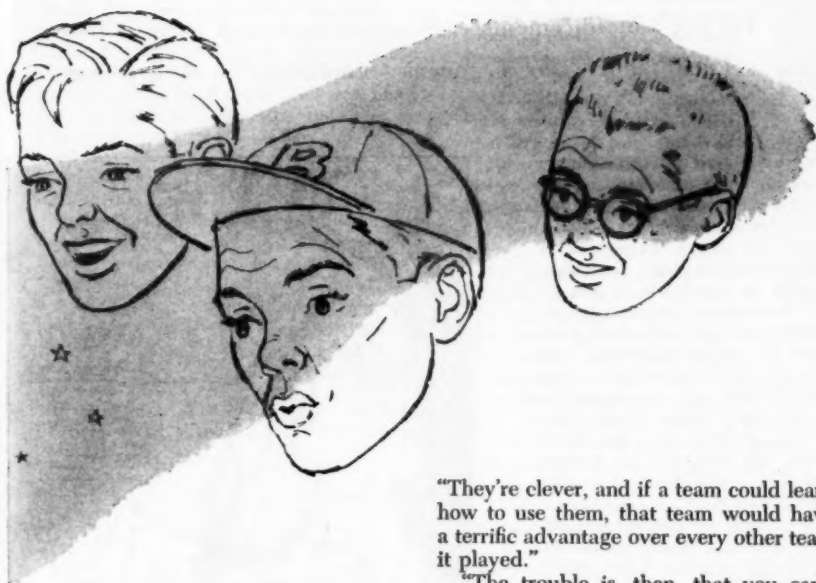
The girls looked at each other self-consciously. It was embarrassing to have Maggie Dorn put her finger so squarely on the trouble.

"What I say is true, isn't it, Trix Venturo?" Hank wondered if Miss Dorn had purposely asked the question of the most outspoken girl on the team.

For once, Trix hesitated before she spoke. "You're partly right, Miss Dorn. I think the girls find you hard to understand. You came here new, and you let us see you were the boss, and you forced a new kind of basketball game on us. That we should take all that in our stride is a

lot to expect."

The girls hardly breathed, waiting for Maggie Dorn to give Trix one of her tongue lashings, but instead the coach



said, "All right. I asked for it and got it. Now let's decide what to do about it. Would you like me to call Mr. Jessup in to help straighten us out?"

Mr. Jessup was principal of the school. The girls agreed they didn't want him called in.

"Well, then?" she asked. "What are we going to do?"

Everyone seemed to be tongue-tied. They had, all except Francie, promised themselves a field day if Miss Dorn ever gave them an opportunity to speak up. Hank was not afraid to speak, but she had learned from experience that Miss Dorn would squelch her if she acted as spokesman. If she did offer a solution, it might only spoil Miss Dorn's attempt at an understanding.

She almost jumped off the bench when the coach said, "Miss Baxter, you were captain of the team for two years. Perhaps you have something to say?"

Hank thought a long moment before she answered. It couldn't be that Miss Dorn liked her any better after what had happened yesterday in the emergency room. She might have been surprised at Hank's forbearance in not reporting her, but she certainly would not love Hank because of it. She had emphasized the fact that Hank had been captain for two years. Maybe the coach was worried that the bad showing the team was making would reflect on the way she was doing her job and she might be asked to resign. Maybe she wanted to use Hank's influence with the girls so they would cooperate.

Finally, Hank replied. "I've always thought there were some good things about your fixed plays," she began slowly.

"They're clever, and if a team could learn how to use them, that team would have a terrific advantage over every other team it played."

"The trouble is, then, that you can't learn to use them," Miss Dorn said with a touch of her old sarcasm. "Francie Weller seems to be the only one who understands them."

"I admit that's the way it has been," Hank said. "But I think that's because we've had them crammed down our throats." Maggie Dorn winced but she did not interrupt. "If we could combine some of your fixed plays with the best of our old technique," Hank went on, "try a few of your plays at a time, that is, I think we might come up with a fast, offensive game."

Miss Dorn thought it over. "All right," she said, "we'll try it."

WHATEVER Maggie Dorn's motive was in meeting them halfway, Hank had to admit that the practice went much better that afternoon. The girls acted as if shackles had been dropped from their arms and legs. They played with something of their old enthusiasm. Hank noticed, too, that the girls turned to her as to a captain, seeking the leadership for which they themselves had voted. Miss Dorn must have noticed this, but she made no comment. Francie continued to call the signals for team plays, but it was clear that she was captain in name only. For morale, the team looked to Hank.

Once or twice Miss Dorn stepped into the game to explain a tricky play and to clarify the principle behind it. They listened with a new respect and, after the talk she had just had with them, they honestly tried to learn her methods. Today, too, she replaced her terse commands from the side lines with demonstrations. Her speed with the ball took their breath away, and she could toss a hook pass from the floor into the basket in spite of her crippled fingers.

When the practice game was over, the girls had had a very good time and Hank was sure they had learned something.

From that day, practice began to improve, and the team played better basketball every day. They were proving that Hank had been right when she said that if Miss Dorn stopped cramming so many of her new ideas into them at once, they could loosen up and play the game.

EVERY afternoon, Hank found Greg waiting for her when she came out of the school building. She got into the habit of hanging back so she could be the last one out of the dressing room, and Greg would have plenty of time to finish the rehearsal of his play. At first, Hank was drawn toward Greg because he made a sympathetic listener who seemed really interested in her basketball activities. As she got to know him better, she realized she could learn a lot from listening to him. He had been so many places because his father's profession took him all over the country. He had spent a summer in Bermuda, and another on a ranch where he had learned to ride cowboy-fashion and to rope steers. He had fished for tuna off the coast of California and sailed his father's thirty-six-foot sloop around Catalina Island. He had skied at Aspen, Colorado, and tended sheep in the Southwest, and in Mexico he had learned Indian dances.

She called him "Mr. Globe-trotter" and he called her "Miss Hookshot" and they seemed to be getting along famously—except for one thing. He was always teasing her to make a date with him some evening, to go to dinner and a movie, and Hank was always saying no, she didn't care for that sort of thing. Crowds were all right and fun, but single dates at night were too much like going steady.

One afternoon as he drove her home he casually mentioned that he liked to see girls make the most of themselves. "You know, Hank, dress to their type, keep their hair attractive," Hank was all ears. He had never talked like this before and she felt he was doing so now for a special reason. "Take your sister-in-law Clara, your brother Russ' wife, I mean." Greg had met Clara at the dance in the barn and several other times when he had driven Hank home from school. "She's my idea of a stunning woman. She's got taste and charm and she makes the most of herself."

It was nothing new for Hank to hear Clara praised for her attractiveness. Clara had studied designing after high school, had done some modeling, and had been a buyer for a fine New York dressshop before she married Russ. Lots of people considered her the best-dressed woman in Brighthaven, but because these were things that did not interest Hank, she had paid little attention to Clara's accomplishments until Greg mentioned them.

Greg ended the conversation that afternoon with a remark that angered Hank, at first. (Continued on page 30)





### Morning

First Poetry Award

Gray mist,  
like a shroud,  
covers the town.  
Only the distant humming  
of early delivery trucks  
breaks the stillness.

A lone bird trills . . .  
like a flute  
high, sweet.

Suddenly  
bright rays of sunlight  
like gay nymphs  
penetrate

the shroud of mist,  
Transforming  
the town

into a world

of clear, clean beauty.

LINDA MUGRIDGE (age 12) Waupun, Wis.

### Disappointment

First Fiction Award

My grandmother said, "It means disappointment," when I asked her what it meant when I dropped my comb. I really never believed these superstitions, but I had a habit of asking grandmother what it meant whenever I had an itchy hand or other supposedly superstitious signs.

Then I thought of my ice-skating date with Dick the next day. I began to think that maybe this incident applied to it. All night I dreamed horrible dreams of being disappointed.

The next day it was raining. The wind was whistling through the bare branches of the trees and the sky was dark and dreary. I was sitting in front of my dressing table combing my hair when I dropped my comb again. This time I didn't have to ask Grandmother what it meant, for how well I knew.

After I ate breakfast I went to the grocery store for Mother. By the time I got back it was twelve o'clock so I went up to my bedroom to get ready for my date. Then I switched on the radio to some music. I was listening to my idol, Frankie Laine, when I happened to glance at the clock. It was 1:25 P.M. Then I began to be worried because Dick was supposed to call for me at 1:30 P.M. and he was usually early. But my fears were calmed by the shrill cry of the doorbell at 1:30 sharp. I ran a comb through my hair, slipped into my raincoat, and ran downstairs to meet him.

As we walked along Main Street, we passed the grocery store and we heard someone knocking on the window. Dick and I both turned and saw his mother and father beckon-

ing us to wait for them. As we waited, Dick confessed that he had forgotten to tell his mother that he was going ice skating. Then the thought came back to me—disappointment. I thought surely he would not be able to go because on Saturdays he always helped his father with work that had to be done around their simple but adequate home. But my thoughts were interrupted by a pleasant, "Hello, Pam," from Dick's mother and Dad. They said they had asked us to wait so they could drive us to the ice-skating rink.

My mind was relieved, but my contentment was disturbed by Dick, who asked if I had called up to find out if the rink was open. My reply was a very disturbed, "No," for I had forgotten. Again, I remembered last night, and Grandmother saying, "Disappointment." It ran through my mind, but I was again interrupted, this time by Dick who said, "That's good, Pam, because I called up and it is open."

At that moment I was so happy I wanted to stand up and shout aloud joyously. For the walls of tension which had been built up over night came tumbling down. Just then the car pulled up in front of the rink and we both got out, taking our place among our laughing friends.

BARBARA BRECK (age 12) Great Neck, N. Y.

### Mountains

Nonfiction Award

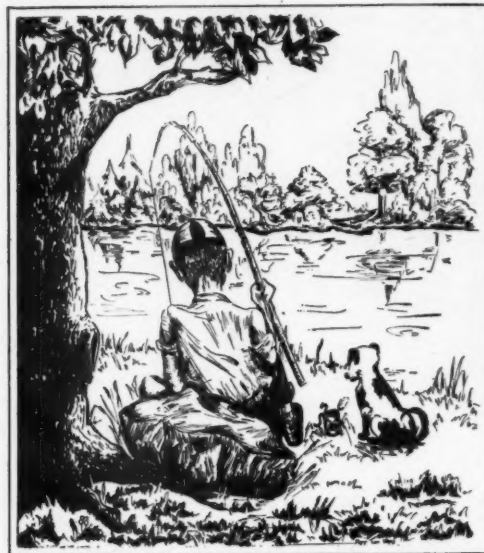
Our town is fenced in on three sides by mountains. We live on the valley floor. Standing there we see the first bench of mountains. It is a cushion of pines and aspens. Above it rise the red-and-white sandstones. Glancing up one of the many canyons, the purple, snow-capped granites come into view. Some of the peaks are as high as fourteen thousand feet.

It is thrilling to discover a peak you never knew was there. It might be peeking over the top of other mountains or showing through between two peaks.

If we took a short hike up a zigzagging trail we would come to a waterfall. Then standing in the spray we could see down to where the falls once more become a river, rushing down the mountain. Some falls have a drop of more than four hundred feet.

The sky is seldom cloudy. On winter mornings you would see the sky a deep blue, while the surrounding countryside lies under a blanket of snow. If it is snowing hard you cannot see the mountains for the thick snow.

In the fall the aspens turn vivid colors. Red and yellow and orange and brown. These, against the dark-green background of the pines, paint a colorful picture.



First Art Award

MARY LOU NEAL (age 14) Boise, Idaho

In the spring the green blades of grass and the new buds are a welcome sight. The buds soon will be many different flowers. The blue-and-white of the columbine is seen high on the mountainside, and the purple of the violets is found deep in the forest. Living in the mountains there is no end of surprises. Each day brings a change in the rocks, or the trees, or some other part of the landscape. The mountains also offer a healthy climate. No person has enjoyed life until he has lived in the mountains.

BETTE OBERTO (age 11) Telluride, Colo.

### A Storm on the Coast

Poetry Award

Waves dash on the cliff.

The wind  
blows waves  
to a foaming point.

Salt flying with the wind.

Trees upon the bank  
bend to and fro.

Throwing their limbs  
wildly about.

Boats upon the sea  
bob like corks  
in a waterfall.

Not a thing can stand  
along the banks.

For a monster  
has risen  
from the deep

To rage  
and blunder.

FAITH HEARSEY (age 11) Bellingham, Wash.

## Why the Bluebird Is Blue

Fiction Award

Once in a time—a long-ago time, mind you—bluebirds were not blue, but white! For this reason they were not called “bluebirds,” but “white sparrows.”

One day, in this long-ago time, two white sparrows were flying side by side in the sky. Now, one of the birds did not care how high or low any other bird flew. But the other bird was very proud and haughty, and did not want any other bird to fly even just a little bit higher than he. It just so happened though, that at this time the bird that really didn't care flew just a little bit higher than the proud and haughty bird. At this, the proud and haughty bird was so enraged that he flew up as high as he could, high above the head of the other bird. And then it happened! The proud and haughty bird flew so high that he hit the sky. He hit it so hard—for he had forgotten that it was there—that some of the blue in the sky came off and covered him completely, so that from then on, the bird that used to be called “white sparrow,” has been called “bluebird.”

BETTY ELLEN DOWLING (age 11) Washington, D. C.

## The Weaver

Poetry Award

*The spider has a workbox  
That's filled with spools of thread,  
Sometimes you'll see him working  
Upon a lacy spread.  
He spreads them over bushes,  
And hangs them on the trees,  
He launders them with morning dew,  
And dries them in the breeze.*

DARLENE MARSH (age 12) Rapelje, Mont.



Art Award

JOAN JOHNSTON (age 13) Flushing, N. Y.

## HONORABLE MENTION

ART: Lorian C. Layman (age 16) Toledo, Ohio  
Marilyn D. Miller (age 12) Cranston, R. I.  
Delores Schaiper (age 15) Peoria, Ill.  
Nancy Lee Chaney (age 15) Galion, Ohio

POETRY: Daniela Libon (age 14) New York, N. Y.  
Judy Esty (age 13) New Canaan, Conn.  
Peggy Robinette (age 15) Morehead, Ky.

FICTION: Mimi Kaplan (age 16) Cedarhurst, L. Is., N. Y.

Gayle Saunders (age 13) Charleston, S. C.  
Mary Lou Reed (age 16) Cedar Rapids, Iowa

NONFICTION: Susan Mary Poore (age 9) Greenwood, Mass.

Mary Kay Zettl (age 13) Girard, Kan.  
Kathan Brown (age 15) Daytona Beach, Fla.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

## Racing Wind

First Nonfiction Award

We sat back, satisfied, full. No one paid much attention to the light breeze that was brushing up the once calm surface of the lake. The talk and laughter died down and no one spoke for a moment. Someone shivered and gazed up apprehensively at the suddenly ominous sky. She wrinkled up her nose, sniffed, and looking around the circle solemnly announced, “I smell rain.”

Pet glanced up, slowly settled her sailor cap forward and quietly murmured, “Oh! Oh! We've got work to do.” The familiar cry, “Let's have a little organization” rang out, and suddenly everyone was racing madly with the rushing black clouds and the far-off whoost of rain. The wind whipped the lake to a boiling froth and snapped tarpaulins wildly as they were frantically lashed over precious supplies.

“Sterns, check canoes,” someone yelled and glancing up at the blackened sky we ran to the beached canoes and made a hasty check. Spotting the familiar white sailor cap in the gloom, reports were shouted in over the wind.

“Tatters, all clear.”

“Jonquil, O.K.”

“Widjiwagan checks.”

“What about the Dipsy and the—?”

But a rush of wind drowned out the reply. Thunder crashed and the first few drops spattered down. We only rushed the faster. A hurrying figure stumbled and dropped a pail which crashed and banged down the hill.

“Hey, Dottie,” someone yelled, “you dropped something.”

Turning, and with a slow grin, Dottie leaned easily on her bedroll and drawled, “What was your first clue?”

The rain had begun to come down in earnest now. Nevertheless, breathless but calm, we all gathered for further orders.

“Canoes?”

“Check.”

“Everything lashed down?”

“As tight as it can go.”

“Then grab those bedrolls and come on.”

We sprinted down the path and made a final dash for cover as lightning split the clouds and the rain poured down. Everyone was here.

“Whew! We just made it,” someone gasped as we all sank breathless to the ground.

Nothing was heard but the racing wind and the pounding rain on the tent roof, until a small, wistful voice softly suggested, “Let's sing.”

Then our voices blended and swelled above the storm as love and friendship welled up in our hearts.

VIRGINIA L. MCINTYRE  
(age 14) Harvey, Ill.



Art Award

SYLVIA SAKS (age 15) Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Catastrophe

Fiction Award

A few seconds ago everything had been peaceful and serene. Now the whole city was rocked by a horrible, unknown force. Jessy, who had been hiking a little way from her town with a few friends, felt the ground quake under her. She turned when she heard a loud blast, and the sight which met her eyes was one she would never forget. Buildings were crumbling, sending up great clouds of dust. Jessy heard the pitiful screams of the injured and the roar of the earth as it split open, leaving great yawning chasms. She and her companions stood like statues, stunned beyond words. By the time they regained their senses, the noise and quaking had stopped.

With a cry of anxiety, Jessy, followed by her friends, ran for the city and their homes which were on the far side. As the girls made their way through the debris that littered the streets, they saw rescue workers already at work. Carpenters were clearing away the rubble and had already started to rebuild the town orphanage.

As the girls crept through the streets they were unaware of a pair of sad, yet friendly eyes which watched them. They were the eyes of a small boy named Billy, who was weeding his father's driveway. The weed he held in his small hand had caused the whole unfortunate incident. Billy had pulled the weed from the center of Jessy's city, because, you see, Jessy was an ant.

VIRGINIA A. COLEY (age 14) Lawrenceville, N. J.

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 43 FOR  
DETAILS ABOUT “BY YOU”

Art Award

HELEN BURR (age 11) Moorestown, N. J.



Here is an easy way to check your social know-how



# ETI-QUIZ

by VIRGINIA BLODGETT

Drawing by Jerry Cummins

**E**TIQUETTE isn't just a stuffy word. It's common sense, kindness, and consideration for others. Beginning with these basic principles, the rest is just knowing a few simple rules of good behavior.

Below are twelve problems which you probably have met already—or may meet most any day. Decide on your solution to each of them. Then compare your answers with the correct ones on page 40. Give yourself ten points for each correct answer. If your score is one hundred to one hundred and twenty, consider yourself quite a well-bred young lady. If it's between eighty and one hundred, you're slipping a little in the social graces. And if your total is seventy or below, you'd better brush up on "what's being done."

**1.** You've accepted a date with Tom for the senior ball. Tom's nice, but he's all of three inches shorter than you, painfully shy, and the school's worst dancer. Then, out of a clear sky, Bill, the captain of the football team, and your own personal dream man, asks you to go to the same dance! What to do now?

- a. Break your date with Tom and go with Bill.
- b. Tell Bill you're very sorry; you already have a date for the dance, but you hope he'll ask you again some time.
- c. Accept Bill's date. Then call Tom on the phone just before the dance and tell him you're sick and won't be able to go.

**2.** You're in town shopping with your mother when you meet three of your school chums. Mother doesn't know them, so what about introductions? The correct and most gracious way is:

- a. "Mother, I'd like you to meet Sally Smith, Mary Jones, and Susie Green."
- b. "Girls, this is my mother. Mother, meet Sally, Mary, and Susie."
- c. Pause merely for a brief hello and pass on without any introductions at all.

**3.** The first time you were at Sally Smith's house her mother came into the room while you were sitting on the floor listening to records. If you were minding your manners when Sally made the introductions, you:

- a. Stood up, smiled, and said, "How do you do."
- b. Said "How do you do" while remaining seated.
- c. Stood up and offered your hand to Mrs. Smith.

**4.** You're a guest at a party and the hostess suggests you join in a game. You play it very badly indeed, and you think the others in the crowd are fairly expert. What should you do?

- a. Admit that you're a poor player and you don't want to spoil the game for the others. Say you'd like to observe the play so you can improve yours.
- b. Keep mum about your abilities and bluff your way through, blaming your lack of skill on bad luck.
- c. Tell your hostess you don't feel you

can play well enough; then suggest another game which you do play well.

**5.** You've spent several days of your vacation visiting your friend Polly in another city. How do you express your appreciation to Polly and her mother?

- a. Just send gifts to both Polly and her mother as soon as your return home.
- b. Write a thank-you letter to Polly with a postscript at the end for her mother.
- c. Write directly to Polly's mother within a day or two after your homecoming.

**6.** Aunt Martha's giving a dinner party in honor of your birthday. You're on your very best behavior, when suddenly, completely by accident, you tip your coffee all over Aunt Martha's best damask tablecloth. It's one big mess, and you wish you could disappear down through the floor. But since you can't, the next best thing you can do is:

- a. Apologize profusely throughout the meal and several times during the evening.
- b. Offer to pay for having the tablecloth cleaned.
- c. Say you're sorry and don't mention the incident again.

**7.** Johnnie's taking you to dinner before the movie Friday night. It's your first dinner date and you're pretty much in the dark about how to order. You'll be doing all right if you:

- a. Tell Johnnie you just can't decide what you want and would he please order for you.

(Continued on page 39)



Chiquita Banana is here again! This time in the print of Lortog's colorful cart-wheel skirt—our May Prize Purchase. It has an adjustable waist and deep, set-in pockets, costs about \$6. The on-or-off-the-shoulder cotton blouse by Joan Louise has an elasticized waist and neckline and is trimmed with rhumba ruffles to match the skirt. About \$3. Both in teen sizes 10-16 at the stores listed on page 58

PHOTO BY SOL KOHN  
JEWELRY BY KAHU  
SHOES BY DEB SHOE CO.





1.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH M. BAXTER  
JEWELRY BY L. EINSTEIN



2.

3.

## *Season in the Sun*

Get set for easy summer livin'! Wear jacket dresses that are perfect for the last days of school right into vacation. These two-in-one warm-weather charmers are as variable as the life you lead. The dresses are designed for sunning, yet most are right for casual street wear. Don the jacket for a more dressed-up look



3.

1. Paramount uses embroidered organdy on scoop neckline, pockets, of a fitted jacket dress. Subteen sizes, 8-14, about \$9. Hahne & Co., Newark; McCreery's, New York City; Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia

2. Teen Charmers trims striped chambray with a crisp piqué collar on dress, half-moon pocket flaps on jacket. Subteen sizes 8-14, about \$9, at Filene's, Boston. For other stores see page 58

3. Heart-shaped buttons and embroidered picolay add a gay touch to a halter-top dress and brief bolero by Junior First. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$11, at Burdine's, Miami. Other stores on page 58

4. Abby Teen's picolay dress looks just like a suit when worn with the neatly fitted, button-front jacket. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$8. at B. Altman, New York City; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland

5. Brief jacket tops RAR's contrasting waffle-piqué dress piped with jacket color. Subteen sizes 8-14, about \$11. Halle's, Cleveland; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.



4.



5.





Switch-swap separates are a must for your warm-  
weather wardrobe since, with vacation  
time near, you'll need lots of changes to keep  
looking pretty. We show two here—one an  
Oriental print, the other an exciting new fabric

## Accent on Separates

Nancy Wheeling's skirt and separate blouse of "chiffon" chambray, a new sheer with an iridescent look, trimmed with appliquéd daisies and organdy. Subteen sizes 8-14, about \$13. Hudson's, Detroit; Bamberger's, Newark

Exotic East Indian print in a pleated cotton skirt by Belle, about \$8. Wear it with a sleeveless blouse in harmonizing colors. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$5. Wanamaker's, Philadelphia; Hudson's, Detroit



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM EVANS FOTIADES  
CHAIR AND TABLE FROM J. B. SALTERINI CO. INC.  
JEWELRY BY KARU  
FRIENDLY TEENS SHOES, EDGEWOOD DIVISION, GENERAL SHOE



## ONE-DISH MEALS

You'll find these dishes easy to prepare, low in cost, nourishing, and delicious, too. What more can you ask?

**J**UST WHAT is a one-dish meal? It isn't really the whole meal, but it should include everything except bread and butter, a beverage, dessert, and possibly a salad.

We were truly impressed by the many excellent and varied recipes you sent us this month. Ground beef was the most popular basic ingredient, with tuna fish running a close second. It pleased us to know that often the dishes had been evolved in your own homes, using leftovers and considering family preferences. That's real thrift—and creative cooking.

With meat costs so high, it is important to have on hand a file of good, simple recipes in which a little meat goes a long way, or which use fish or poultry instead of more costly meat. Try these recipes. We are sure that you, your family, and your friends will like them, and that you'll want to add them to such a file. In making these and other one-dish meals, do experiment with herbs and seasonings. They can make all the difference between an ordinary and a superior dish.

The Recipe Exchange for August is now open and the topic is Gelatin Dishes. These may include salads, desserts, soups, main dishes—anything in which you use gelatin. We know how much you like gelatin cookery, and so are sure you will have a special favorite to send us. See page 41 for details.

### FRANKFURTER-POTATO-SALAD DINNER

This rather different casserole dish is fine for luncheon or supper. Serve it with rye bread and butter, and a fresh-fruit dessert.

- |                                      |  |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| 4 frankfurters                       | 1/3 cup salad oil                                |
| 5 medium potatoes, boiled and sliced | 3 tablespoons vinegar                            |
| 1 1/2 teaspoons salt                 | 1 1/2 cups cooked or canned green beans, drained |
| Dash of pepper                       | 1 medium onion, minced                           |

Conducted by JUDITH MILLER

Place frankfurters in boiling water and let stand for 7 to 8 minutes. Drain and cut into 1/2 inch slices. Combine potatoes, salt, pepper, salad oil, and vinegar. Arrange beans in bottom of greased casserole; over them arrange potato mixture, then onion, and finally sliced frankfurters. Cover and bake at 350° F. for 35 to 40 minutes. Serves 4.

Sent by JANANN L. HARMS,  
Dubuque, Iowa

### GLORIFIED SPAGHETTI

You may add additional spices to this dish as your taste dictates; however, remember that canned vegetables and sausage usually are already seasoned. Try serving with additional grated cheese at the table.

- |                                       |   |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| 1 1/2 cups spaghetti in 2-inch pieces | 1 small can peas (1 cup)                    |
| 1 tablespoon butter                   | 1/2 teaspoon salt                           |
| 1 small onion, minced                 | 1/2 cup chopped canned pimientos            |
| 1 pound lean beef, ground             | 1/2 cup seeded and chopped ripe olives      |
| 1/4 pound bulk pork sausage           | 1/2 pound grated Italian or American cheese |
| 1 small can mushrooms                 |   |
| 1 large can tomatoes (3 cups)         |   |

Cook spaghetti according to directions on package; drain. Meanwhile, brown onion, meat, and mushrooms in melted butter, stirring often. Add remaining ingredients, except spaghetti, and continue cooking until cheese has melted and flavors are blended (about 10 minutes). Remove from stove; stir in spaghetti. Turn into baking dish and bake 20 minutes in moderate oven (375°F.). Serves 6.

Sent by JULIA ANDREA HARLAN,  
Silver City, New Mexico

### DINNER-IN-A-DISH

Many of you sent in recipes similar to this one. Evidently hamburger and corn is a popular combination. We selected this recipe because the tomatoes and cheese introduce a new note in an old favorite.

- |                          |  |
|--------------------------|--|
| 1 onion, minced          | 2 eggs, beaten                                 |
| 2 green peppers, diced   | 2 cups cream-style corn                        |
| 2 tablespoons shortening | 4 fresh tomatoes, sliced, or 1 #2 can tomatoes |
| 1 pound hamburger        | 1/2 pound sliced Cheddar cheese                |
| 1 1/2 teaspoons salt     |  |
| 1/4 teaspoon pepper      |  |

Fry onion and pepper over low heat for 3 minutes in melted shortening. Add meat, breaking up with fork, and cook until red color has disappeared. Remove from heat. Add salt, pepper, and eggs, stirring well to blend. Place 1 cup of corn in bottom of greased baking dish. Top with half the meat mixture, half of tomato slices, half of sliced cheese. Repeat layers. Bake at 350°F. uncovered for 35 to 40 minutes, or until cheese is melted and mixture bubbly. Serves 6.

Sent by CAROL ANN ALLEN,  
Hardin, Montana

### TOMATO-TUNA CASSEROLE

It was hard to select a tuna casserole from the dozens you sent us. This one was rather "special" because of its ease of preparation and the addition of cheese and tomatoes.

- |                                      |                               |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 can grated tuna (6 1/2 oz.)        | 1/2 cup milk                  |
| 1 1/2 cups cooked, drained peas      | 1/2 cup potato chip crumbs    |
| 1 can condensed cream of celery soup | 1/2 cup grated Cheddar cheese |
| 1/2 teaspoon prepared mustard        | 6 unpeeled tomato slices      |
|                                      | Dash of salt                  |

Combine tuna, peas, soup, mustard, milk and potato-chip crumbs. Pour into lightly greased (Continued on page 42)

# Cool Thoughts

9170



**9170:** The duster coat is fashion's pet this season—for anything from a beachcoat to an evening toss-over. Smart details of this pattern for sizes 11-17 and 12-16 are the deep, pointed collar and wide cuffs. Size 13 takes  $6\frac{5}{8}$  yards 39" material

**9316:** Equally popular is the sheath dress, and this slim frock makes a perfect ensemble with a matching or contrasting duster. It has a portrait neckline and buttons down the back for a smooth fit. Sizes 11-17; 12-16. Size 13 needs  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards 39" fabric

**9444:** Cool and comfortable for summer, this dirndl sundress would be very good-looking in a Bates' checked gingham, set off with a band of contrasting color. The sizes are 10-16 and size 12 takes  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 35" material for dress,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards for bolero

9316



9444



V9476

These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. For a handy, clip-out order blank, please turn to page 56



# for Warm Days

9266

**V9476:** Quick summer changes are easy with this dress for sizes 11-17. Pull in the waist with the drawstring; make a high or low neck with another drawstring, and there you are! Size 13 takes 5 yards of a 35" material like the Bates' strawberry print sketched

**4771:** Separates are about the most useful items in a vacation wardrobe, and this set for sizes 10-14 is both dainty and practical. For the material, try an Ameritex cotton, plain or checked. In size 10, bra, shorts, and skirt require  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 35" fabric

**V9343:** Gay tissue cotton would be pretty for this easy-to-sew dress with the full-circle skirt. For a smart touch, use a contrasting color on the tricky collar. Sizes are 10-16, and for size 12 you need  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards 35" material, plus  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of trim

**9266:** The shorts and top of this playsuit for sizes 11-17 are joined, and there is a wrap skirt for street wear. Very nice in Dan River striped cotton, with rickrack trim for a touch of glamour. Suit and skirt in size 13 will take  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards 35" material



V9343



4771



Patterns V9476 and V9343—25¢

All Other Patterns—30¢

He said, "Please don't think I'm fresh, Hank, but I'll bet if you tried, you could be a very attractive girl."

Hank mulled it over through dinner and afterward took stock of her wardrobe. It consisted of slacks, dungarees, overalls, some baggy skirts and faded sweaters. She had one dress, a hideous Kelly green with a string of roses around the waist, and when she tried it on—the first time in about five months—she looked like a green potato sack tied in the middle with a garland of roses.

Her irritation over Greg's frankness turned to disgust with herself and then to determination to do something about it. When she talked it over with her mother, she was surprised at how delighted Mom was.

"Well, Hank, I'm glad you've waked up. I've always wanted you to take more interest in your clothes," Mom said. "Now that we know you're willing to co-operate, we'll do something about it."

They did something right away. Mom talked to Pop, and Pop opened a checking account for Hank.

"It's really your money anyway," Pop told her. "You've certainly earned it with all the help you've given me in the business during your last three summer vacations. Now you take that money and get dolled up. Get a permanent wave, too. I'd like to see you with curls."

Hank shuddered at the mention of curls. She hated fussy, feminine things and, besides, her hair would never curl. It was too fine and straight. Everyone said so, even her friends at school. But she thanked Pop and said she would get some new clothes.

CLARA took her over to Brampton that Saturday. Hank felt giddy entering the feminine world of specialty shops like Jacqueline Renée's, with its thick carpets and the smell of perfume over everything, and its salesgirls who looked as if they were dressed up to go to a party instead of to wait on people.

Clara took charge of everything. Hank found herself buying a cloth coat with a fur collar—the first she had ever had in her life—and three new dresses for school—a bright print, a coppery shirtwaist dress, and a two-piece navy wool. Clara persuaded her to buy a tweed suit with a matching topcoat for early spring and two blouses to wear with it—a crisp, white piqué weskit, and a dressier challis print. And Clara insisted on a special date dress which Hank thought utter extravagance because she would never wear it.

"You'll see," Clara said. "The boys will all want to take you out now! Besides, you can use it for the basketball benefit dance in March."

The date dress was beautiful and Hank secretly loved it while protesting against the extravagance. It was a dressy, lime-colored shirtwaist and skirt.

Then Clara took her to a beauty salon and left her there while she did some shopping of her own. When she returned, late in the afternoon, Hank had a new hair-do. Clara did not see it until they had left the beauty salon and were back in the car. Then Hank slowly pulled off her hood. Clara's examination was so critical and it took her so long to say anything that Hank was afraid the experiment was a complete failure.

But Clara finally said, "I must say they did a far better job than I expected, Hank. To

tell the truth, your hair is your most difficult feature. You have such baby-fine hair! Well, they did a fine job."

"You mean it?" Hank was suddenly joyful. "You mean I don't look like a chicken with its feathers plucked!"

"You look very attractive," Clara said. "I like the bangs and the swirl at the sides, and I especially like the curls at the back. They're distinctive."

"They're at the back," Hank said with a grin, "because I told the woman in that place that I couldn't stand the sight of curls. 'All right,' she said, 'we'll put them where you can't see them!'" They both laughed and Clara started the car for home.

Hank felt like a nine days' wonder the following Monday, with everyone at school talking about her new clothes and hair-do. Francie and a few of Francie's close friends were the only ones who did not join in the compliments. But Hank saw Francie covertly watching her as the girls gathered round in the locker room to admire the navy wool dress. Francie had been voted the best-dressed girl in the class, and she did not

## TREES

by ELIZABETH-ELLEN LONG

*No tree we plant is ours alone,  
For though we wall it in with stone  
Or fence it back with wire and wood,  
It grows for everybody's good.*

*Each limb of it against the sky  
Belongs to every passer-by.  
And anyone who wants can claim  
Its every leaf in beauty's name!*

like to hear others praised for their clothes.

Francie's jealousy was fanned by a still stronger force that afternoon. When Hank walked into the dressing room, the place was buzzing with angry talk. Hank paused inside the door to listen.

"We didn't elect you captain, Francie Weller," Trix was saying, "and you've got no right to order us around."

"Miss Dorn appointed me," Francie was white with fury. When the other girls echoed Trix's complaint, Francie wheeled on Hank. "It's all your fault," she said. "You're jealous because Miss Dorn put me in your place. You egged the girls on to do this." Hank had not seen Francie so mad since the day Sam Taylor pushed her, Easter outfit and all, into a pile of muddy topsoil. Hank offered to go with Miss Dorn and Francie to Mr. Jessup's office and thrash it out, but Francie said she could fight her own battles without faculty interference and ran out of the dressing room. That day she didn't show up for practice.

The team did not play well that afternoon. After dinner Hank worried about it while she tried to do her homework. Tomorrow they would play New Sharon at New Sharon. If they lost again, they would not stand much chance of keeping the championship, and the game would be a tough one. The excitement of the trip, the strange court, and the lack of support from its own rooters handicapped even the best team when it played away from home.

But the Brighthaven team was not at its

best. The practice that afternoon had showed the effects of the quarrel within the team. All this friction was wearing the girls down. If there wasn't conflict between Maggie Dorn and Hank, there was a struggle between Francie and Hank. There was no real satisfaction in all this quarreling and it gave Hank a guilty feeling. She couldn't help feeling that resisting authority was wrong, even when that authority was Maggie Dorn's.

There was more bad news when Hank reached school the next morning. She had expected Carol might not play, because she had been absent from school so much on account of her mother's illness. But now she learned from Sally Ogden, their manager, that Trix wasn't going to play either. She wasn't well and her mother wouldn't let her out in the bitter cold weather.

"Maybe," said Hank slowly, "we could fix it so we'd have a first-class blizzard. About two or three feet deep. Then we couldn't get over to New Sharon and the game would be postponed." She threw her parka into her locker and pulled out her English book. "As it is, we might as well stay home. We'll be swamped without Carol and Trix." And, she almost added, with the coach wanting one captain and the team wanting another.

JUST BEFORE the noon recess, she received a note saying Miss Dorn wanted to see her in the physical education office. Usually Miss Dorn came straight to the point, but today she seemed thoughtful, rolling a pencil back and forth on her desk with her left hand, while she kept her right hand carefully hidden in her lap.

Finally she said, "I had a talk with Francie Weller this morning and we've worked out a plan we think will help the team."

"What kind of plan?"

"Briefly, this. The girls want you as captain. You and I have never worked well together, but I can see no reason for punishing the whole team and ruining Brighthaven's chances for the championship."

"You mean Francie has agreed to my reinstatement?"

"Yes."

Hank did not feel as happy about this concession as Miss Dorn evidently expected her to feel. She knew Francie too well. She was not the girl to give up so easily. She would withdraw and carry on her quarrel in some more subtle way. Hank would almost rather have Francie openly fighting her.

Hank got up. "Is that all you wanted me for, Miss Dorn?"

"Yes, except one thing. I know you won't believe it, but I would like to see you girls win this afternoon." She glanced down at the concealed right hand—seemed to be studying its twisted fingers. "I hate people who can't win," she said almost under her breath. "If you can't win, you shouldn't play. That's why I'm putting you back in the captaincy—because I can't stand a team—I can't stand anybody—who doesn't win."

Hank felt that Miss Dorn was talking about herself. She was hating herself because her crippled fingers prevented her from being a champion. Hank had never liked Maggie Dorn, but for a brief moment she had a clear insight into a deeper side of her nature; suddenly, she felt a surge of sympathy for the beautiful, frustrated woman sitting in front of her.

(To be continued)

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## "Good Dog, Forward" (Continued from page 13)

hysterically calling him "Good dog, Juno!" as they stopped at curbs!

"Okay," Mr. Robert said again briskly, as he stepped to the sidewalk. "Gullan and Blackie, first!"

Gullan stared vaguely about her as if she could see. It couldn't be town already! Holding tightly to Blackie's harness, she managed to slide down to the sidewalk without stumbling on the curb as she had yesterday—no, day before yesterday! Time! Gullan thought.

"Left," Mr. Robert reminded her patiently. "Take your handle."

Gullan gulped a deep, frantic breath, leaned to her left knee, and found Blackie there, warm and waiting and willing. She gripped the smooth leather handle with a numb hand.

"Let's go!" Mr. Robert prodded.

The words. The words that made this panting and powerful dog-power machine quicken to action! Gullan wet her dry lips with a tongue just as dry. She swallowed fragrant spring wind down upon the fluttering inside her. The words! And suddenly—"B-Blackie-f-forward!"

It was hardly more than a whisper. But Blackie tensed, tightened. There was a gentle tug to the harness handle. And straight as an arrow, Blackie was leading her toward where the street sounds came crosswise as well as parallel. Gullan felt her feet following, stumbling a little, running a little, dragging a little, but following! And then Blackie stopped. Stopped and stood waiting. Gullan wiped the cold sweat from her forehead.

"Tell her," Mr. Robert said quietly at her shoulder. "Blackie's waiting for you to tell her."

Gullan swallowed hard. What was it—across and right?

"Good dog. B-Blackie!" she managed. "F—for-ward!"

She had found the curb already with her toe, as Mr. Robert had taught and taught again these past days. Now, with Blackie's first movement, down. Down and go!

Around her, Gullan heard the rush and roar of traffic. She tried to make herself remember that Mr. Robert was just behind. She clutched at the handle until she felt it would come off in her hand and leave her there. This way. That way. Stop and wait. Start. Stop and wait again. And near enough, she thought, to take the tip off her nose, cars and trucks and things.

I'm going to scream! Gullan thought once in her panic. The roar went on. What was this she was crossing? The Atlantic Ocean turned highway?

Blackie stopped. Numbly Gullan toed out. The curb. The curb! She stepped up and stood there, Blackie wagging beside her. The curb! She was across!

"That was good," Mr. Robert said quietly. "Right, now." He waited. "And don't forget!"

Forget? Gullan leaned down, held the black sleek head against her knee for a quick instant, hoping Mr. Robert wouldn't see.

"Good dog, Blackie!" she said unsteadily. "Good dog!"

And strutting proudly, Blackie veered right, up the tree-shaded street, right, and forward.

Like riding the skies with a comet's tail in your fist! Gullan thought. And she found herself suddenly wanting to giggle.

But today was only today, she found. Each

day added challenge to challenge. Routes to remember. Stairs to climb. Doors to find. Swinging doors to accomplish. Elevators to march into and out of. Traffic to cross—when you had to. The click of changing traffic lights to listen for, while you also listened for traffic sounds, so you did not unnecessarily order your dog out into the middle of things. Each day, the trainer farther from you, a half block, a block, two. Each evening, going over tomorrow's route on the great Braille wall map a former student had created, until it was fast in your mind.

Between times, playing the piano, checkers, or Braille-coded cards, or singing with your class in the recreation room. After a week or so, walking increasingly complicated routes as if you could see them, in pairs, two of you with your dogs, each waiting for the other at the downcurb.

Into buildings. Out of buildings. Down into railway tunnels. Up onto elevated platforms. Spills and pickups. Stubbed toes and flat on your nose. And evenings at the dinner table, comparing casualties.

"I got me a fine New Jersey mosquito bite!" The young man from Utah, the young man who would next fall enter college to study law, found Gullan's hand on the table and lifted it to his forehead. "Feel the bump? I walked spang into a gas-station standard!"

And everybody at the table laughed lightly.

"It's big as an egg!" she said, touching it. Bumps, spills, torn stockings, blistered toes—they could be funny at the end of a day's grim marching! And under the table, at each pair of feet, lay a dog-tired, stepped-on, snoozing, and proud. Waiting for a hand to steal down with a bit of forbidden treat, that an eager mouth might swallow at one gulp.

I'LL NEVER be able to smell oil of wintergreen again!" Nessie said, rubbing her swollen ankles the night after the big test—the Boy Scout hike over open country and along highways and through woods for four miles or so.

"I caught my toe in a tree root," Gullan said ruefully. "I fell right on top of Blackie. Poor Blackie!"

"I scratched me from here to there," Nessie said. "Right on my face in the brambles."

And they laughed and relaxed in their pajamas, while music came in softly over the radio. Gullan reached down and scratched Blackie's ear as the dog snoozed and snored with exhaustion.

"You know," Nessie remarked suddenly, "we're awfully lucky?"

"Lucky!" Gullan suddenly felt the weight of the blackness stifling her again. "Lucky!"

"Maria," Nessie said thoughtfully, "you know, the girl from Chicago, in my class? She asked me today what yellow is like. She has never seen a color—or a train, or a lake, or the moon. She asked why the moon is not like the sun, when they both make light!"

Against her darkness Gullan saw a moon swimming in clouds. She saw snowflakes against a windowpane. She saw the yellow of her own bright hair, the way the new sweater Mom had made her last year matched the blue of her eyes.

"Imagine—never having seen!" Nessie said.

"But at least," Gullan cried fiercely, "if you've never seen, you don't know what you miss. And you don't have to start walking,



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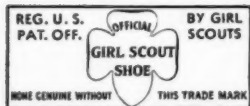
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and reading, and writing, all over again at—  
 at sixteen!"

"Imagine—never having seen!" Nessie insisted quietly.

IT WAS incredible that a month of days that had seemed to stand still should eventually surprise you by ending! It was the last day. Gullan stood among her bags, Blackie beside her, waiting for Mr. Robert to come with the station wagon. She had said her good-bys. She had had her last talk with the kind, wonderful old gentleman everyone called Uncle Willie, who was in charge. She had kissed Nessie good-by, and they had sworn never to forget to write. As Gullan stood listening, the familiar sounds suddenly made her eyes sting. She heard brisk footsteps, the quick, eager tick of dog's feet on the bare floors, the stairs. And then she heard another sound. A sort of creeping—a slow, guarded, cautious dragging.

"That's the way we were when we first came!" The boy from Utah, Mack Nelson, stood beside her. "The first ones for the new classes just came in. Listen to them. They're scared!"

"Just as we were!" Gullan said. She felt weak with sudden pity. Sudden, patronizing pity! She walked briskly, surely, now! She was ashamed of it, but she felt as she had felt last junior-class day, when the freshmen had come blundering into High!

"It's been swell, knowing you," Mack said. "Wish Michigan wasn't so far from Utah!"

Gullan could feel her cheeks growing warm. "Awfully far, isn't it?"

"Of course," he said, "of course. But there are—letters? I'm getting pretty good at Braille. I even have a machine."

He stood waiting. And suddenly she smiled at him, even knowing he couldn't see.

"I'm pretty good at Braille, too," she said. Well—she was going to be!

Mr. Robert came and took her bags. Gullan gave Blackie her "Forward!"

"Write me? If I write first? I have your address!" Mack followed along eagerly, stood waiting while Mr. Robert settled Gullan and Blackie in the station wagon.

"Oh, yes, of course!" Gullan cried. "Of course I'll write!"

There was a confusion of good-bys. And the car was on its way, curving with the driveway, out past the flowering lindens, out to the highway. Silent beside Mr. Robert, Blackie standing still with her head in Gullan's lap, Gullan thought how many times she had made this trip, this past endless month. Twice a day, every day but Sunday, coming and going. By station wagon only, at first; then, by bus alone. And how terrifyingly short the drive used to be—toward whatever new panic the day offered. But today—suddenly she had to swallow a crazy pang of—homesickness! For the spacious old house; for the people she had met from all over the country; for the morning and late evening waitings in the gravel park before they tucked the dogs to bed; for the scare and the rush of training; for the gay laughter and talk at the tables at dinner when the hard day was over. Homesick! For Mr. Willie, for the staff, for Mr. Robert, here! For Nessie. And kids like Mack.

"Remember, don't work Blackie until you get home," Mr. Robert was saying.

"We're here!" Gullan marveled, sliding out of the car, onto the airport field. Most of the students who came from far places flew

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The Russ Case album has interesting new arrangements of such old favorites as "It's Only a Paper Moon" and "More Than You Know." Most of the records have vocals and the whole album is pleasant listening.

The "Royal Wedding" score was recorded directly from the movie sound track. Two catchy novelty numbers are "How Could You Believe Me When You Know I've Been A Liar All My Life?" (rendered by Miss Powell and Mr. Astaire) and "I Left My Hat in Haiti." The lovely ballads "Too Late Now" and "Open Your Eyes" are especially appealing as sung by Miss Powell.

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Whether you aspire to be a prima ballerina, or just enjoy listening to the graceful strains of ballet music, you'll find Manuel

de Falla's *El Amor Brujo* ("Love, the Magician") exciting; it's especially nice as done by the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra on a Columbia label. This colorful Spanish music tells the story of the gypsy Candela's love for Carmelo and contains the pulsating "Ritual Fire Dance."

Speaking of ballets, those of you who saw Walt Disney's "Fantasia" will remember Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite," one of the most delightful ballets ever composed. The suite is about a little girl who visits Jam Mountain, is welcomed by the Sugarplum Fairy, and sees the enchanting "Chinese Dance," and "Waltz of the Flowers." Listen to the "Nutcracker Suite" and treat yourself to a trip to the land of make-believe! (Victor: Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra)

Did you know that Helen O'Connell, who made record history singing "Green Eyes" with Bob Eberle years ago, has come out of retirement and is recording for Capitol? Newest hit is "Loveliest Night of the Year" . . . The success of the informal recording of "Mockin' Bird Hill" by Capitol guitarist Les Paul and his wife, singer Mary Ford, may be because their records are cut in their own living room! . . . For thirty-three years Jan Garber and his orchestra have been producing music that's sweet and danceable. Witness "Yearning" on a Capitol label . . . Mercury's twenty-two-year-old vocalist, Tony Fontaine, has been singing professionally for six years! His latest is "A Friend of Johnny's" . . . Tex Beneke and Woody Herman are now recording exclusively for MGM . . . Mr. B. (Eckstine) has another hit with the dramatic ballad, "I'm Yours to Command."

Do you take piano or violin lessons? Then you'll especially enjoy two new albums released by Victor as a part of their "Treasury of Immortal Performances." Called "Genius at the Keyboard" and "Magic Strings," these 33½ LP's feature the great artists of bygone years. Prokofiev, Rachmaninoff, Paderewski, and Rosenthal at the piano play such beloved works as Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" and Chopin's "Waltz in C-Sharp Minor." Cellist Casals and violinist Kreisler prove the magic of strings with their gifted playing of the beautiful "The Swan" and "Liebeslied" ("Love's Song"). With these excellent reissues of old records, RCA Victor has provided today's young students of musical instruments with inspiration by the masters!

This is your column and your comments are always welcome. Please send us whatever suggestions you may have—other kinds of music you'd like included; what you'd like more or less of; or any other musical ideas.

with their dogs when they left, Gullan knew. That way you could keep your dog with you instead of having to have her crated and sent.

"Well, good luck!" Mr. Robert called. "Good luck, Blackie!"

Blackie barked a wistful bit of a bark, as if she realized this was good-bye to her favorite gentleman.

The stewardess took charge then, and Gullan had a double seat up front, Blackie at her feet. But when the roar of the motors began, Blackie began to howl, and finally belled her way up into Gullan's lap and lay there, head hidden in Gullan's shoulder, whimpering and shivering.

"Good dog, it's all right, it's all right!" Gullan soothed as if it were a baby she held. "Good dog, Blackie!"

When the plane was air-borne finally, and the roar steadied, Blackie calmed down, curled up on the second seat, and slept. The stewardess came with a pillow and a tray of hot chocolate and a sandwich. Then she returned with a blanket that she tucked around the sleeping dog.

"They're just like babies, the first time they ride," the stewardess said. Gullan could imagine her smile. "And after all, when they do your seeing for you they deserve a nice cozy sleep, don't they?"

Gullan agreed, smiling. She reached to tuck a bit of cheese from her sandwich into Blackie's snuggling mouth.

And then she sat there, waiting for the miles to Chicago—incidentally quick now—to vanish into time as this month had. Mom and Dad would be waiting. They were driving down from Michigan for her—for her and Blackie.

"We just can't let them crate your eyes!" Dad had wired, only yesterday.

Gullan sat back against the pillow and shut her eyes. She heard the sounds—not confused now, but each with an identity of its own. She wondered if this were part of growing up, or if it were something Nessie had taught her? She thought, sitting like this with your eyes closed, you almost forgot. Forgot the dark. She thought of Mack who would now be on his way to Utah with his shepherd, Vim. Wonder what he looks like? she thought. Wonder if he's as nice as he sounds?

It would be fun, getting his letters. In Braille! Little speckles under your fingertips that said things!

Out beyond the shining, high plane, the sun. The blue sky. The clouds, like beaten egg white floating islands on Mom's custard. Below, high-reaching cities, flat little friendly, homey towns like—home. Green fields. Trees, in leaf, in flower. Squares of farmland, yellow, browning, young green. Blue, blue waters, the Great Lakes. She felt the sun warm on her hands in her lap.

Maria, she thought. Maria, asking: What is yellow? What is the moon like? What is a hill? What is a lake? Lucky. Nessie had said—lucky us!

Gullan reached over and drew the blanket close around Blackie's sleeping head. She felt the warm black silk of the long ears.

Mom would be waiting at the plane's very door. She would have on the pretty blue hat with the tiny ostrich tips, blue to match her eyes. And Dad would be grinning and grinning.

I can just—see them! Gullan thought, and she sat there smiling, as she waited impatiently for the ending of the swift flight and the beginning of her new life. THE END

## Eti-Quiz

(Continued from page 22)

- b. Give your own order to the waiter before Johnnie gives his.
- c. Decide what you want from the menu, tell Johnnie your exact order, and let him give both orders to the waiter.

8. Aunt Martha's dinner party had more problems than just spilled coffee. You found a startling array of silverware at your place, and you weren't sure just what each spoon and fork was for. The best solution to such a problem is:

- a. Quietly watch your hostess to see what she's using; then follow suit.
- b. Use whatever piece seems logical for each type of food and hope that no one notices if you make a mistake.
- c. Just use the pieces that you're familiar with and ignore the others.

9. Johnnie's fun to be with, and a date with him is a real event. But Johnnie seems to think the natural aftermath of a date should be a smooch session on your front porch. You don't agree at all, but how are you to handle the situation gracefully, and, at the same time, keep Johnnie coming back for more dates?

- a. Act very horrified that Johnnie could suggest such a thing. Then box his ears if he persists.
- b. Simply say, "No, I'd rather not" in your most pleasant and matter-of-fact manner.
- c. Be a good sport and let Johnnie kiss you.

10. You adore dancing with Jim, but you're barely able to dance a few steps together before someone cuts in. What can be done?

- a. Keep your disappointment to yourself and change partners willingly.
- b. Smile sweetly and say "No, thank you" when someone tries to cut in.
- c. Tell Jim you prefer dancing with him, and ask that he please refuse when someone tries to cut in.

11. How much and how to tip a waitress is no problem for you on a date, but there are occasions when you're out to dinner with the girls or perhaps treating your mother. What's the best rule to follow?

- a. Tip ten to fifteen percent of the bill.
- b. Tip whatever you think the service is worth—less if the waitress has been haphazard; more if she's been at your beck and call.
- c. Always tip the same amount, regardless of the place, occasion, and size of check.

12. When someone gives you a compliment, especially a man, you get all flustered and utter at a loss for words. The next time Johnnie says your dress is something super, your best response is:

- a. "This old rag! It's ages old!"
- b. "You say that to all the girls!"
- c. "Thank you, I'm glad you like it."

THE END

See the following page for the correct answers to these problems.



**Blemishes\*.** "I was troubled with blemishes\* and Noxzema came to my rescue," says Carol Beck of Philadelphia. "Now, I use it every day before applying make-up—and at bedtime, too. Noxzema helps keep my skin looking soft and smooth!"

## LOOK NATURALLY LOVELY!

**Help Heal Externally-Caused Blemishes—  
Keep Your Skin Looking Fresh!**

● All over the country, hundreds of girls with complexion problems report that *greaseless, medicated Noxzema* is grand for helping skin to that smooth, fresh, *naturally lovely* look. Why don't you try it, too? It's so easy to use. And results can be really thrilling! Simply follow this quick 2-Step Noxzema Beauty Routine—daily.

### Easy As Washing Your Face!



1. **Morning**—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. With a damp cloth, "creamwash" just as you would with soap and water. Rinse. "Creamwashing" cleanses so thoroughly. After drying, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for two *all-day* benefits. It helps heal blemishes\*, helps protect skin!



2. **Evening**—At bedtime, "creamwash" again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, dirt!

Now, lightly massage Noxzema into skin to help soften, smooth. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes\* to help heal them. Developed by a doctor, in clinical tests this Beauty Routine helped 4 out of 5 with problem skin to lovelier-looking complexions. Try Noxzema today!



**Look what you can do  
with just one cream!**

**Dry, scaly arms and legs** can strike a sour note in an otherwise pretty picture. Noxzema helps them look softer, smoother again. And it's *greaseless!*

**Elbows rough and unattractive?** Don't neglect them! Massage a little Noxzema into your elbows, daily—to help them look smoother, whiter!

**Dry, parched lips** ne'er framed a lovely smile. You can help them feel better—help smooth rough dryness and help lips look softer—with *medicated Noxzema!*

**Red, rough hands** look unattractive and feel worse. Medicated Noxzema helps soothe the soreness—helps hands look softer, smoother, whiter!

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**NOXZEMA**  
SKIN CREAM

*Like an Angel of Mercy to your skin*

# Are you in the know?



## When you and your squire attend a wedding, should you—

- ☐ Breeze up the aisle together    ☐ Take the usher's arm    ☐ Make it a threesome

Bewitched—and bewildered—by weddings? All that formality needn't panic you. When the usher offers his arm—take it, even if you've an escort. Your beau will follow you up the aisle. And if calendar "trials" menace your poise, you can dismiss them

with Kotex. This napkin is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives softness that holds its shape. Nor need you quail at each casual glance, for as surely as those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines—Kotex can keep you blush-proof.



## To cure a "videot" should you try—

- ☐ The shock technique  
☐ The absent treatment  
☐ Humoring the guy

The lady's not for burning the midnight oil—with a fella who's in love with the family's T.V. set! So? Consider the shock technique. Black out the video; then meet Dreamboy at the door with a firm "shall we go?" It's worth a try! But it takes no effort, at certain times, to discover all 3 absorbencies of Kotex are worth trying. You'll find one so-o-o right for you—Regular, Junior or Super.



## If you're collarbone-conscious, what helps?

- ☐ Mermaid maneuvers  
☐ More upholstery  
☐ A library card

Got a lean-and-hollow look around the collar? To add "upholstery," eat hearty. Swim like crazy. And do this: Sit "tall" with a book in each hand, shoulder-height. Elbows back, slowly boost books toward ceiling, then lower them—20 times daily. Even on "those" days, you can boost your confidence, if you let Kotex help. Kotex has a special safety center; gives you extra protection.



More women choose **KOTEX**  
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

P.S.

Have you tried Delsey? It's the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex. A tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex. (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

\*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Eti-Quiz

Answers to the problems on pages 22 and 39

- (b) The fact that you're in demand and not always available for a date will raise your stock in Bill's eyes. If you break another date to accept his (and he's pretty sure to find out), he may be flattered at first. On second thought he may decide you're a rather undependable date. How does he know you won't pull the same deal on him if something better comes along?
- (a) Introductions are the rule if you stop to chat, even briefly. Presenting your friends to your mother shows her the respect an older person deserves.
- (a) Standing up when Sally's mother enters the room also shows respect for elders. If Mrs. Smith offers her hand, by all means give her yours, but the first move to shake hands should come from her.
- (a) If you feel sure you'll spoil the game for the others, it's a gracious gesture to be a silent observer. You can show your interest with an occasional question, but don't agree to play and then bemoan your bad luck throughout the game. Your hostess has planned the entertainment, so don't suggest other games to suit your abilities. And before the next party, make it a point to learn well the games your crowd plays.
- (e) A sincere and very prompt thank-you letter to Polly's mother is a must. Don't try to be too formal and don't gush. Just tell her what a good time you had, how much you enjoyed meeting her (if it was the first time), and express your thanks for her invitation. A friendly letter to Polly can follow, but your letter to her mother comes first. Gifts aren't at all necessary or expected. You may express your appreciation by a small token if you wish, but a gift is never a substitute for a letter!
- (e) Tell Aunt Martha you're very sorry and then forget it. It was an accident and your crying over "spilt coffee" won't help a bit. You'll only make Aunt Martha and everyone else uncomfortable by too profuse apologies.
- (e) It's Johnnie's place to do the ordering for both of you at dinner. Decide what you want and tell him. Don't dally too long in deciding, and *do* consider Johnny's pocketbook!
- (a) Let your hostess be your cue as to what to do. That doesn't mean peering conspicuously; a casual glance will tell you.
- (b) A friendly, but firm, "No, I'd rather not," should take care of the situation without further explanations of your reasons. Don't act insulted or horrified. After all, Johnnie's doing no harm in asking.
- (a) Not being able to dance an entire evening with a favorite partner is one penalty of being popular. Any annoyance on Jim's part will be well mixed with pride that he's the escort of such a belle.
- (a) Ten to fifteen per cent of your check is a fair amount for tipping for even the very best service. The size of the tip varies according to the type of restaurant and the community in which you live. Ten per cent might be fine in a small-town café, but low in a smart restaurant in a large city. If the waitress brings you your change on a plate, leave your tip on the same plate. Otherwise, just leave it on the table.
- (e) The less said in reply to a compliment, the better. A gracious thank-you is sufficient.

THE END



love. She realized the solid foundation of mutual understanding and appreciation on which her parents' years of happy marriage had been built, and she found out that though young love is real and its memory enduring, one doesn't die of a broken heart. Older girls will appreciate the sensitive understanding, the delightful characterization, the wisdom and humor of this fine first novel.

**Saturday's Child.** By CHARLIE MAY SIMON. E. P. Dutton and Company, \$2.50. This is the story of another small and loving family, the Dares, who lived in Memphis, Tennessee in 1878 when social lines were tightly drawn and conventions very strict. Sampson Dare had always been a tinkerer, and he made little money in the studio where he was always experimenting with new ways of taking pictures. Hester Dare was a simple country woman who asked for nothing more than to love and care for her family. Eighteen-year-old Margaret was determined and ambitious. She chafed at the poverty of her humble home and yearned for wealth and position. Living today, she would have been a successful career girl, but in her time and place she could achieve her dream only by marriage. Though her eyes sometimes strayed toward the handsome, penniless Irish boy next door, she never permitted herself to forget her vow to "marry money." She never spared herself; no work was too hard if it furthered her ambition. Pretty, happy-go-lucky Letty understood, admired, and loved Margaret deeply, even if she had no sympathy with her older sister's airs and pretensions. Letty dreamed of becoming a nurse, but unlike her sister she could accept the dictum that "woman's place is in the home" with tranquility. Then yellow jack, the dread yellow fever, came to Memphis, and when the pestilence had passed both girls found their lives changed. The hopes and fears of these different sisters are made understandable and important in this book, and post Civil War Memphis seems very real.

**People Are Important.** By EVA KNOX EVANS. Capitol Publishing Company, \$2.50. The simple direct style of this book makes it not only suitable for the very young but arresting and interesting to readers of any age. Approximately two billion people are going about their daily lives on this earth in all sorts of different and

interesting ways, and each one of them is just as important to himself as you are to you. Some of these people wear skirts and sweaters, some saris, and some wear hardly any clothes at all. Some like to eat snails, and some prefer ice cream. There are many different ways of being polite, too. In some Eastern countries it is bad manners not to belch after eating, and in some places it is rude to be seen eating at all. We do the things we were brought up to do, until we begin to think our way is the only right way. We don't understand, indeed we are a little afraid of, strangers who do things differently. But in spite of the different ways in which people live, eat, and dress, and their different customs and traditions, they are all just people and really very much alike after all. Mrs. Evans, in lively, informal style, brings the sound findings of anthropologists, psychologists, and sociologists within the everyday experience of young people in an interesting, amusing, and thought-provoking book.

**Student Dancer.** By REGINA WOODY. Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.75. Many of you will remember Janet Sherman who first came to life in the pages of THE AMERICAN GIRL. This is the story of what happened to Janet, a dancer (who, you remember, thought herself a failure because she won only a second prize), when she was given a summer scholarship at Stakin's School of the Dance in New York City. Living with a group of ambitious girls interested in careers in different phases of dancing was broadening as well as fun, she found, but it could also hold conflict and rivalry. She made friends and enemies; met people who are famous in the real dance world today; suffered, worked, studied, and won through to happiness and a sound position as a dancer and choreographer. Mrs. Woody is a former ballerina who has kept her interest in the dance, and her unique, sincere, and authentic picture of today's dance world in and around New York will be invaluable to dance enthusiasts, and interesting even to the uninitiated. Mrs. Woody has woven her wealth of material very skillfully into an engrossing story of alert, very real, modern young people. The book is a handsome volume, beautifully illustrated by Arlene K. Thomson, with delicate drawings that are full of grace and movement.

THE END

## August Recipe Exchange

Subject: GELATIN DISHES

Date Due: MAY 20

- The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine is offering you an opportunity to have your very own cooking department in which your recipes will be published. Entries for the August issue must reach us by May 20.
- Each month we'll announce in the magazine the kind of cookery to be featured in the "Recipe Exchange." Your recipe MUST be one that you have used successfully.
- JUDITH MILLER, our Cooking Editor, will test and judge the contributions, and choose the recipes which will appear in the magazine. For every entry that is printed, THE AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

### FOLLOW THESE RULES CAREFULLY!

1. Recipes must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink, on one side of the paper.


2. In the upper right-hand corner of the page, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.

3. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.

4. All recipes submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.

5. Address all entries to Judith Miller, AMERICAN GIRL Magazine, 30 West 48th Street, New York 19, New York.

Show Your Dimples  
INSTEAD OF YOUR  
PIMPLES\*



## NEW INSTANT WAY TO HELP CLEAR-A-WAY SKIN BLEMISHES\*

Now you don't have to worry about using messy ointments or greasy creams to rid your face of blackheads\* or bumps.\* Complexion tinted liquid Kay Formula 301 is a wonder worker on your skin. The first application hides externally caused\* pimples and as it covers the irritated skin, special healing benefits act to dry and reduce the soreness. Developed by a dermatologist, Kay Formula 301 is used and recommended by many nurses.

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**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK**

## Don't be HALF-SAFE

by VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you mature. Now, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a new type of perspiration containing milky substances which will - if they reach your dress - cause ugly stains and clinging odor.

You'll face this problem throughout womanhood. It's not enough merely to stop the odor of this perspiration. You must now use a deodorant that stops the perspiration itself before it reaches - and ruins - your clothes.

As doctors know, not all deodorants stop both perspiration and odor. But Arrid does! It's been proved that the new cream deodorant Arrid stops underarm perspiration 1 to 3 days safely - keeps underarms dry and sweet.

Remember this, too. Arrid's antiseptic action kills odor on contact - prevents formation of odor up to 48 hours and keeps you "shower-bath" fresh. And it's safe for skin - safe for fabrics.

So, don't be half-safe. Don't risk your happiness with half-safe deodorants. Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Arrid with Creamogen will not dry out, and it's so pleasant and easy to apply. Get Arrid today.

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# America's proudest cooks...

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Mrs. Mabel Wermersen, 2000 S St., Sacramento, is rightly one of America's proudest cooks. Top prize winner in the Home Economics Exhibit at the 1950 California State Fair, Mrs. Wermersen always uses S. O. S. to clean her many pots and pans. Says she—it's faster and easier!



...always reach for S.O.S.



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## Your Own Recipe Exchange

(Continued from page 27)

casserole dish. Sprinkle top with grated cheese, reserving 2 tablespoons. Arrange tomato slices around edge of dish. Sprinkle with salt and remaining cheese. Bake at 325°F. for 25 minutes, or until cheese is bubbly and hot. Serves 4.

Sent by NANCY BOWNE, Los Angeles, California

### MACARONI CASSEROLE

This is a recipe that "just grewed," according to Lileen. We like recipes that evolve in your homes. You may use another vegetable instead of green beans in this well-seasoned dish.

- |                                     |  |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| ½ package macaroni (about 4 ounces) | ¾ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce              |
| 3 tablespoons butter                | 2 cups milk                                  |
| 3 tablespoons flour                 | 1 tablespoon minced onion                    |
| ¼ teaspoon dry mustard              | 2 cups grated American cheese                |
| ¾ teaspoon salt                     | 2 cups cooked or canned green beans, drained |
| ½ teaspoon pepper                   |  |

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water. Drain and place in greased 1½ quart casserole. Melt butter in top of double boiler; blend in flour, salt, mustard, pepper, and Worcestershire sauce. Add milk gradually, stirring until thickened. Add onion and 1½ cup grated cheese, and stir until cheese is melted. Add string beans. Pour over macaroni and toss with fork until ingredients are well mixed. Sprinkle with remaining ¼ cup cheese. Bake at 350°F. for 30 minutes. Serves 6.

Sent by LILEEN JUDITH RUPPEL, Kohler, Wisconsin

### CHICKEN NEPTUNE PIE

Use any combination of leftover vegetables you prefer, and you may substitute leftover turkey for the chicken. Karen suggests you arrange a fruit-bowl centerpiece which can serve as both salad and dessert.

- |   |                               |
|---|-------------------------------|
| 4 tablespoons chicken fat, butter, or margarine | 1½ cups chicken stock         |
| 3 tablespoons minced onion                      | 2 cups diced cooked chicken   |
| 6 tablespoons flour                             | 1 cup fresh or frozen oysters |
| 1½ teaspoons salt                               | 1 cup cooked peas             |
| ¼ teaspoon pepper                               | 1 cup cooked carrots          |
| Oyster liquid (add milk to make one cup)        | 1 cup cooked sliced celery    |
|   | ½ recipe plain pastry         |

Heat fat in saucepan; add onions and simmer slowly until soft. Add flour, salt, and pepper, stirring until well blended. Remove from heat. Slowly stir in chicken stock and oyster liquid and milk. Return to moderate heat. Cook gently until thickened. Place chicken, oysters, and vegetables in shallow baking dish; pour over sauce. Top with pricked pastry, sealing carefully at edges of dish. Brush top with milk. Bake on lower shelf of oven at 425°F. about 30 minutes, or until crust is brown. Serves 6.

Sent by KAREN KIRK, Pikeville, Tennessee

## HAM-APPLE-YAM CASSEROLE

Rosemary says this is her mother's favorite recipe for a delicious and easy one-dish supper. It has an interesting combination of flavors—both tart and sweet.

- |  |                                      |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| 1 slice smoked ham<br>(1 to 1½ pounds) | 2/3 cup seedless raisins             |
| 4 medium tart apples,<br>cored         | 1/3 cup brown sugar                  |
| 4 medium sweet<br>potatoes, or yams    | 2 tablespoons butter<br>or margarine |
|  | 4 lemon slices                       |

Place ham in bottom of large, deep baking dish. Cover with an inch of water. Place cored apples that have been stuffed with raisins upright on top of ham. Peel the yams, slice them thinly, and fit in between the apples. Sprinkle brown sugar over top, dot with butter, and top with lemon slices. Cover and bake 1 hour at 350°F., or until all ingredients are tender. Serves 4.

Sent by ROSEMARY GOEDDEKE, St. Clair Shores, Michigan

## EGGPLANT SURPRISE

Here's a tempting recipe for stretching a small amount of meat into 6 servings. If you are not acquainted with eggplant, try it this way. A small amount of grated cheese may be sprinkled on top for extra flavor. Baked potatoes are nice with this, and make an easy, gas-saving meal!

- |                              |                                    |
|------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| ½ cup crushed<br>corn flakes | ¼ teaspoon pepper                  |
| 1 cup milk                   | ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire<br>sauce |
| ¾ pound ground<br>beef       | 1½ pounds eggplant                 |
| ¾ teaspoon salt              | 6 thin slices onion                |
|                              | 6 thick slices tomato              |

Pour milk over corn flakes and let stand 5 minutes. Add ground beef, Worcestershire sauce, salt, and pepper, and mix well. Form into 6 patties. Peel eggplant and slice into

six ½-inch slices. Place in shallow, well-greased baking dish. On each eggplant slice, place first an onion slice, then a tomato slice and then one meat patty. Bake one hour in 375°F. oven. Your family and your friends, too, are sure to like it. Serves 6.

Sent by EVELYN LENHART, Warren, Minnesota

## STUDENTS' RAGOUT

This is a bit more expensive than the average one-dish meal, especially if you use Canadian bacon. You may substitute ordinary bacon, but if you do, use only ¼ pound, cutting each strip into four pieces; fry until crisp, and pour off excess fat before adding other ingredients.

- |  |                                   |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| 1 pound round steak,<br>thinly sliced              | 3 medium onions,<br>sliced        |
| ½ pound Canadian-<br>style bacon, thinly<br>sliced | 4 to 6 medium potatoes,<br>sliced |
| 2 medium carrots,<br>sliced                        | Salt and pepper to<br>taste       |
|  | 1 cup water                       |

Cut round steak across the grain into strips 2 inches long and ½ inch wide. Slice bacon into ½ inch strips. Peel and thinly slice carrots, onions and potatoes. Distribute bacon over the bottom of a large skillet or saucepan. Place steak over bacon. Sprinkle with pepper. Next add carrots, onions and potatoes in layers. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. Add water, cover and cook over low heat for 45 minutes, by which time water will be absorbed. Don't stir while cooking, for this would disturb the layers. Serves 6.

Sent by JUDITH BRIGGS,  
Bakersfield, California

Please turn to page 41 for next  
month's Recipe Exchange Announcement

## Rules for BY YOU Entries

HAVE YOU SENT an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department? There's terrific interest in this new feature of the magazine. Hundreds of entries are flooding in, from all over the country. Do keep sending them each month—but be sure to follow the rules exactly, if you want your entry considered.

Readers under eighteen years of age may send entries. Only material never before published will be considered.

### SHORT STORIES

Any subject with appeal to teen-agers. Not over 800 words.

### POEMS

Any subject—two to twenty-five lines.

### NONFICTION

Suggested subject for September, 1951—SCHOOL DAYS. Almost any type of non-fiction—description, biographical or human interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words.

### DRAWINGS

Any subject. Black-and-white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5" x 7". WARNING: Wrap carefully! Drawings that are smudged, creased, or otherwise damaged will not be considered.

### Rules

1. Entries for the September, 1951, issue must be mailed on or before June 1, 1951. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted.
2. On the upper half of the first page of all

manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings—there must be written:

The name, address, and age of sender.

Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted (for stories and nonfiction).

The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian:

"I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender."

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

4. Age of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.

5. All manuscripts and drawings submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts when necessary.

### AWARDS

Awards will be made for all material published: for contributions that, in the opinion of the judges, merit top award, \$10 will be given; for all others published, an award of \$5 will be given.

Each month we will also publish a list of those contributors whose work is worthy of Honorable Mention. No cash awards will be made for these Honorable Mentions.

Send entries to:

Contributors' Dept. Editor  
The American Girl Magazine  
30 West 48th St., New York 19, N. Y.



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No waiting, no fussin', no second invitations needed with Van Camp's Pork and Beans to make your camp-fire meal click. Easy to carry on the hike... easy to heat, eat, enjoy at camp. Smooth eating wherever you are—hot or cold. One of the many Van Camp's treats that Scouts salute with joy!

## Van Camp's

flavor treats for Scouts





**McALLEN, TEXAS:** I simply had to write and congratulate you on your new serial, *A Girl Called Hank*. I can hardly wait for my next issue.

Your articles on beauty and popularity are very good. I especially liked the article on how to wear your hair if you wear glasses.

Your patterns and dresses are just darling and I am planning on getting some.

VIRGINIA SEATON (age 12)

**MIAMI, FLORIDA:** Thanks for such a wonderful article as *Ballet . . . Yesterday and Today*. The pictures were wonderful, too, especially that of Danilova.

In my clothing class, we have to do a home project and your patterns suit my project just right. Our teacher has everyone use the chart *A Way with Figures* that was in the issue of August, 1949.

Thanks again for a keen magazine that is tops.

MONTYLOU WILSON (age 15)

**PENBROOK, ENGLAND.** I must write and tell you how super your magazine is. My pen pal in Berkeley, California, has been sending it to me for nearly a year now and I love to read about the Girl Scout activities; they seem so much more important in the community than the English Girl Guides. I am planning to join Sea Rangers soon, and I love the "boat-crazy" scouts in your mag.

The stories are wonderful, although I was disappointed in *Stairway to the Sky*. I loved *Daystar* and most of the other short stories you published this year, and last. In the February issue, *Round-the-World Family* was wonderful. I think if more people could do that, international friendship would be widespread, and wars and fighting a thing of the dim past.

My hobbies are: horse-riding, swimming, tennis, horses, dogs, most sports, reading, art, pen friends, and photography. I also collect a lot of things and sometimes write stories. One more thing, and it's only a suggestion, could you possibly improve your covers? The Typical American Girl covers were nearly all lovely. Could we have more of those, and more animals, please?

STEPHANIE NASH (age 15)

P.S. Your articles on English Guides, and *Bike Trip to England*, are wizard.

**WELCH, WEST VIRGINIA:** *Coat of Controversy* was wonderful. I hope that the next serial you have will be a mystery. What happened to the joke page in the March issue?

Please, an article on how to fix a bedroom, with pictures.

I am a Girl Scout of Troop 18. Our troop is trying to earn enough money to go to

Washington or some place nice. I got the idea from *All Over the Map* and gave it to the troop. BETTY SUE CHALFANT (age 11)

**GARDEN CITY, KANSAS:** I enjoyed your March issue. All three stories are good. I am sure *A Girl Called Hank* will be a sure hit.

If *You Wear Glasses* helped me as I have just started to wear them. *Straw-Hat Circuit* also helped me to choose my Easter bonnet. I especially liked number three of the hats. I had just finished reading *The Music Stand*, and about Benny Goodman's jazz band of 1938, when I turned on the radio and heard some of those records.

I like the *By You* pages.

JANELL HUDSPETH (age 14)

**ARCOLA, PENNSYLVANIA:** It was in last February's issue that I read your article on postmark collecting. It sounded interesting so I tried it. I, myself, prefer to use reply cards. It is a lot cheaper. It only costs me two cents this way; as you suggested it costs four. Quite a difference!

The postmistress in Arcola, Pennsylvania gave me a "Postal Guide," which contains the names of all the post offices in the United States and possessions. This is a great help.

As of February 24, I have 526 postmarks. I just sent out a hundred reply cards and only a few are back, so I'll have more shortly. I have met up with some odd places and some funny ones, too. Stringer, Mississippi; Miracle, Kentucky; Hop Bottom, Pennsylvania, and many others, too numerous to name.

I'm very glad you had that article as this is the only thing I ever stuck at long.

Your magazine as a whole is very good and I hope you keep up the excellent work.

LOIS A. STRINGER (age 17)

**MIDDLEBURY, CONNECTICUT:** I have been a subscriber to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for four years and have enjoyed every single issue.

The first thing I turn to when I receive the magazine is the *Prize Purchase* and the other fashions. I think that your *Prize Purchases* are very suitable for a teen-ager.

LEONE HALSTEAD (age 15)

**HASTINGS, NEBRASKA:** I especially enjoyed *If You Wear Glasses*. I do wear them and this article helped me very much.

I think your patterns and fashions are just tops. I thought the Skylark Originals in the March issue were really cute.

SHEILA DARBY (age 13)

**DURHAM CITY, ENGLAND:** Reading a copy of your magazine the other day, I noticed the

colorful pictures and many advertisements on different and interesting subjects. The stories were good, and each separate article was most useful as well as packed with interest. American magazines for girls are, by far, more substantial, and there is much more reading and interesting topics in them, than our English papers have.

There was one thing, however, I noticed that is more interesting in our papers than in yours, and that was the letters page. I did enjoy reading that particular copy of your paper, though.

DOROTHEA M. LAX (age 16)

**PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA:** You seem to get everything that we teen-agers are interested in crammed between the two covers of every magazine you publish. The new serial, *A Girl Called Hank*, is going to be very exciting. The other two March stories, *Coat of Controversy* and *Wingie's City*, were very good, too.

Last year when our Scout troop was working on the Personal Health badge, we were all required to make a personal health notebook. Your grooming articles proved to be a big help to all of us. The *By You* section is wonderful.

SANDRA NORDYKE (age 13)

**BIDDEFORD, MAINE:** *Wingie's City* and *Coat of Controversy* were especially good stories in your March magazine.

Your patterns, believe it or not, are the best I have seen so far this year.

I am a freshman this year and many of my friends have a monthly magazine coming in regularly, meaning yours. Your magazine has made quite a hit in my neighborhood. Everyone is talking about your expert advice on grooming. Your advice on hair styles and how to dress are the subjects which really interest me.

I am not the only one in my family reading your wonderful magazine. My two younger sisters as well as my mother have taken time every month to read *THE AMERICAN GIRL* thoroughly.

I am very interested in *The Music Stand* also. Please try to put in a little more about jazz. Thanks.

BARBARA JEAN CYR (age 14)

**LAWTON, OKLAHOMA:** I simply adore the styles in your teen-age columns of dresses. I especially liked *Millers Gay Coordinates*.

I certainly liked Number Five in the *Straw-Hat Circuit* in March's edition.

My sixth-grade sister and I thought the story *Coat of Controversy* was simply lush.

GWEN GOSLIN (age 13)

**WELLSBORO, PENNSYLVANIA:** Reading over the March issue I noticed the announcement of your new department "Be Prepared." I think it should be very useful to each and every one of us.

I am a Girl Scout of Troop 30 and we are now preparing for our "Juliette Low Ceremony" which is to take place on March 10 so I am very interested in your department *All Over the Map*.

ROBERTA C. HART (age 13)

**LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA:** I wish to thank you so much for your wonderful article on ballet which appeared in the March issue. The pictures were also very interesting, since I had seen two of the dancers in the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo only a month ago. Our dancing class took a lesson from Frederic Franklin, who is also in the ballet, while he was here. I am a member of the dancing school in our town and am very interested in ballet.

CAROLYN QUINN (age 14)

**ERIE, MICHIGAN:** The girls of Stoney Ridge School wish to thank you for the very nice job you do in publishing *THE AMERICAN GIRL* magazine. It is very interesting and we enjoy it greatly. None of us are Girl Scouts, but we enjoy all the articles and stories.

The cover of the March issue was very beautiful and we all enjoyed it (even our teacher). We all think it is a great magazine.

THE GIRLS OF STONEY RIDGE SCHOOL  
P.S. Keep up the good work. Our ages range from 12 to 14.

**MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA:** I am very disappointed in your magazine, *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I had heard what a wonderful magazine it was from all my friends, and expected it to have fine stories. I think the love stories are silly and not well written. The only article I really enjoyed was *Ballet . . . Yesterday and Today*. I hope in the future your magazine will be improved.

MARTHA D. JORDAN

**PASADENA, CALIFORNIA:** Thanks so much for the March issue. It was one of the best issues you have ever put out. Both short stories were swell! And the new serial is just marvelous! Usually I don't care especially for your serials but this one is exceptional.

It seems to me Mina Jean Spencer does a wonderful job with *The Music Stand*. She offers very good criticism of the symphonies, popular songs, etc. that she suggests.

DIANA SMITH (age 12)

**KETTLE FALLS, WASHINGTON:** I enjoy the *By You* pages best in your book. When I get your magazine I turn to it first.

At school we have a weekly club meeting. We choose officers and after the meeting we have entertainment. For entertainment we have poems, jokes, stories, and songs. For my contribution I used your book. When I read *Sister Trouble* in *By You* I knew the class would like it. I read it at a meeting and the class went wild. I like your joke page, too. So does the class. I was sorry when I saw that there wasn't a joke page in the March issue, but I will be looking forward to it in the next issue.

CAROLYN MARNERS (age 12)

Please send your letters to The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.

## TRUE OR FALSE?



### Excitement may hasten "those days"

**TRUE:** So if you're "early" sometimes—don't fret. A roller coaster ride, a train or plane ride—in fact, any over-excitement—can, and often does, hasten or delay "those days."

But excitement isn't the only cause for temporary irregularity. There are many others—and you'll find them

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In this friendly, illustrated booklet you'll find lots of other helpful facts about "those days." Besides "telling all" about menstruation, it's full of tips on health, beauty and poise.

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**FALSE:** There's one napkin box that really keeps its secret. And that's the new-shape, discreet-shape Modess box.

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thought," I soothed. "It can't be very bad—" "Of course not," she agreed with relief. "I knew you wouldn't get all wrought up. It's just a preventative, you know."

But she was downright haggard by the time we reached the hospital. I helped her solicitously into the elevator. A wide-eyed, young student nurse, even taller than I, met us on the second floor and led us to a room, explaining breathlessly, "Mrs. Redfield says the doctor will be a little delayed, but I'm to get the patient ready."

In the doorway, Mother stopped and said quickly, "Now I won't stay—you know how they discourage hovering relatives—but I'll be back later . . . oh, nurse, you *will* be careful! The poor child may be at a very critical stage!"

And incredibly she was gone! "Hey!" I yelled, suddenly realizing that the nurse was peeling off my sundress. "I'm not the patient! For Pete's sake, don't you understand? She is!"

"Now, now," she soothed, rapidly swathing me in one of those backless hospital numbers. "We mustn't get excited, must we?" "But I tell you—you've got to go after her."

"Yes, of course," she soothed. "You just lie down quietly, and I'll attend to that."

I didn't believe a word of it. As soon as the door closed on her and my clothes, I leaped up again, but the draft down my back reminded me I was in no costume for pursuit. I fell back in increasing alarm. Poor Mother! Had she had a sunstroke? Had she headed for home? If I could just call Dr. Redfield, or leave a message for him that would save him a long detour around to the hospital, he could get to her more quickly.

Probably the nearest phone was on the desk downstairs. How could I reach it in this ventilated shirttail?

Wait, though! There was a nurses' dressing room on this floor! I had changed there when I had taken my turn as nurse's-aide last winter. It was—let's see—that door!

Quick as a shadow, I jumped out of bed and dived down the hall. The little room was empty and hanging on the wall was a nurse's uniform.

There is one advantage in being big. In the right clothes, a tall girl can look tremendously grown-up. Once I was inside that uniform—complete with a pair of shoes that were a little tight—nobody would have guessed my junior status.

**P**ROFESSIONALLY brisk, I walked down the steps to the ground floor. A nurse was using the phone—the same nurse who had swiped my clothes! Without a sideways glance, I stepped smartly past her, down the hall, out the front door. And only on the sidewalk did I at last draw a breath. She hadn't recognized me!

The sun poured down from a cloudless sky. My starched, long-sleeved uniform was suffocating. The shoes were beginning to pinch. But I had to start moving, and fast.

It took me four blocks to find the sort of place where I dared ask to use the phone—I hadn't even a nickel—and when I finally got a call through to Dr. Redfield's office, his wife said, "The doctor has just left for the hospital."

Now that was a fine pickle! I didn't dare go back myself. They might clap me in a

straitjacket this time before I could explain! And if I went home I was afraid of the effect on poor Mother.

Bruce! I needn't go home to reach him; he would still be at the McIntyres! I could gallop over there and send him lickety-split for Dr. Redfield!

It was easier to talk about galloping than to do it. The ovenlike temperature swallowed my breath. My feet throbbed. People stared at me. "Maybe they think I'm on an emergency call," I hoped.

But then a big fellow put out his arm, shouted, "Hey, you!" and ducked into a

## INDIAN MOONS

by CRAVEN GRIFFITH



MAY

PLANTING MOON

May—and shines the Planting Moon  
Magic and enchanting moon  
Coloring the furrowed plain  
Soon to wave with yellow grain  
Gold and silver softly slanting  
May—and shines a Moon of Planting

The American Indians used to, and in some tribes still do, identify their months by moons. Each moon was given a name and a symbol. These names and symbols were really meaningful to the Indians, because they described something about nature and the out-of-doors that was important in their lives. Names of the moons varied among the different tribes. For May, the name adopted and approved by the American Indian Association as being most nearly correct and most widely used is "Planting Moon." May was also known as "Flower Moon" by some tribes.

store when I stopped.

Is he playing games? I puzzled, moping my hot face. Limply, I leaned against the store window to get my breath. A radio was blaring inside. "We interrupt this program to bring you a news bulletin. Watch out for a girl in white—"

"Girl in white—" The familiar words caught my attention. "... may be dangerously ill . . . do not attempt to detain, but call hospital and give whereabouts . . . girl in white, dark hair, about five feet eight . . ."

My goodness, I thought, wouldn't that be wonderful publicity for our play, if we were still giving a play?

And then a woman leaped from my path like a flushed quail, and I gulped aloud.

Girl in white! Gleepps, that was me! I'd been missed, and already they were beating the bushes! But—dangerously ill—what awful story had Mother invented?

Feeling as if I were one jump ahead of a pack of bloodhounds, I veered off Main Street, but even in the residential section, I was a marked character. From open windows, radios kept echoing the ominous warning, "Girl in white . . . be on the lookout for a girl in white . . ." Somewhere in the distance I heard the wail of an ambulance.

Wildly, I zigzagged through yards, raced down alleys, hurdled garbage cans, and arrived in a completely melted state at the McIntyres' back fence.

**B**RUCE, not whistling now, still plodded after the lawn mower. I dropped over the fence and said, "Hi!"

Bruce jumped like a Mother Goose cow, and swung the lawn mower between us.

"Oh, not you, too!" I moaned. "Listen, goon, I'm not sick! What did Mother say I had—leprosy?"

"Rabies," Bruce gulped. "From that dog that died of 'em!"

"Brownie?" I gasped. Suddenly, the whole plot unfolded, and I dropped to the grass and rolled with laughter. "Bruce, it wasn't rabies! The poor old dog got hit by a car! For Pete's sake, go call off the chase. I don't dare stir till I know I won't get shot on sight!"

"Geel!" said Bruce, in vast relief. "Well, lay low while I do a Paul Revere. Mrs. McIntyre's out walkin' the dog; there's no one here."

From a neighboring house, a radio dinned monotonously about a girl in white. It sent shudders down my spine. I kicked off the painful shoes and sprawled flat. It was wonderful to know that Mother didn't have sunstroke, but I would appreciate it more when my feet stopped aching.

Excited voices from the front yard broke into my peace. It couldn't be Bruce already. Mrs. McIntyre? Some neighbor who'd spotted me? *The ambulance driver?*

I looked wildly around for hiding space. The doghouse, fortunately built to St. Bernard proportions, was nearest. With a lunge and a squeeze, I oozed into highly odorous safety.

A peek showed me Mrs. McIntyre and a whole group of strangers coming around the house, talking agitatedly. Then I clapped my hand over my mouth to muffle a shriek as a huge, hairy face, with dewlaps, shut off my view.

"Go away!" I growled, recognizing the owner of my hide-out. "Listen, I'm only borrowing your house. Beat it!"

Instead, the monstrous dog opened his jaws and let out a roar pitched to be heard an entire Swiss Alp away. I got a good look into his mouth, and found I had underrated his teeth. They were all there.

"Listen to that dog!" Mrs. McIntyre cried, as the exclaiming voices drew nearer. "What's got into him?"

The St. Bernard thrust his big head into his house and snuffled loudly. I crouched in the farthest corner. He pawed the threshold. Closer came the voices . . .

"Look!" screamed Mrs. McIntyre, and there was a loud silence full of breathing. I didn't have to ask myself what they'd seen. My bare toes curled tensely as I



pictured that pair of shoes on the lawn—white shoes—nurse's shoes!

The St. Bernard let out another frustrated roar, and suddenly his was not the only face peering in at me!

I smiled placatingly at all the round, staring eyes. "It's really all right," I began weakly—and then, oh joy, Bruce came around the house with Mother and Dr. Redfield!

"Where is she?" Mother demanded.

"Here I am!" I called, and came crawling out of the doghouse on my hands and knees.

Mother let out a frightened squeak and clutched Dr. Redfield. "A doghouse! Oh, Doctor!"

"Gleeps!" I said irritably. "Could I help it if a doghouse was the only hide-out available? My goodness, you get a lot of goons chasing me till I'm frothing at the mouth—"

It was the wrong thing to say. Mrs. McIntyre screamed, her friends scattered like scared rabbits, and the ambulance driver, rounding the house to overtake me at last, yelled, "You people report seeing a girl in white?"

I got to my feet with what dignity my wrinkled and dog-scented uniform allowed. "I am the girl in white," I told him coldly, and added with justifiable bitterness, "Don't fail to buy your tickets today! On sale at all stores. Be sure to see the 'Girl in White!'"

Mrs. McIntyre cried shrilly, "Doctor, the girl's already mad! I demand that the public be protected against her!"

"Be calm, everyone," Dr. Redfield soothed. "I assure you there is no cause for alarm, but until the dog's body has been exhumed and analyzed, we will of course ask the young lady to remain quietly at home."

So THAT'S why I spent Sunday in the house, but you could hardly call it quietly—not with the phone zinging like a three-alarm fire, and (after poor Brownie had been officially pronounced pure and unrabid), the doorbell, too, adding to the din. My goodness, I never knew I had so many friends. It made me feel all warm and mellow inside. Maybe it pays to be big, because then at least nobody overlooks you!

My most surprising visitor popped in late Sunday afternoon while I was soaking my still swollen feet in pans of hot and cold water, one foot in each. It was Miss Cram! I gulped, and scrambled upright in my pans, somewhat like Colossus straddling the harbor of Rhodes, but she pushed me gently down again, and said, "Well, Barbara, you've had quite a painful experience, haven't you?" Her eyes, as she tried not to look at my feet, were actually twinkling!

Why, she's fun! And nice, too, because—guess what?—as she left, she gave me a brisk pat, and said, "It would be a waste of good advertising not to have the play now, wouldn't it, Barbara? Waste is something I deplore."

And with that, she walked out, leaving me gasping with gratitude, and floundering in the tidal wave that my leap of surprise had raised in the pans.

So that's why "Girl in White" will go on as scheduled tonight to an absolutely packed house. I'm tremendously happy because—imagine it!—Don wrote in a part especially for me, to take advantage of all this publicity, and Bill says the part's a natural, and I can't come a cropper this time.

You see, I'm cast as a hospital patient, and I play my entire scene flat in bed! THE END



*I always have extra money for movies and 'eats'—and earn it so EASILY."*

AND WHAT'S MORE I'M STILL EARNING LOTS OF EXTRA DOLLARS JUST BY TELLING MY FRIENDS ABOUT THE AMERICAN GIRL MAGAZINE.



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MY ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



Harry J. Utzy

All kinds of good things go into the Thinking Day box which this International Friendship troop of Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, is packing for Scotch Girl Guides

World Friendship is more than a fine sounding slogan to the Girl Scouts of the Rogue Valley Area, in Oregon. During the past year, these Girl Scouts of the Far Western State of tall pines and beautiful lakes have forged bonds of friendship with Girl Guides and Scouts in many parts of the world. From Brazil and Denmark, from England and Sweden, France, Canada, Scotland, Finland, Switzerland, and Australia they have received letters, pictures, and gifts which have brought them into close personal touch with the daily lives, the work, and the fun of their sisters in far-off lands. In return, the Oregon girls have sent letters, gifts, and samples of their crafts and handiwork.

Among the most interesting gifts which the American Girl Scouts have received are a set of picture maps and five dolls which recently arrived from Tasmania. Girl Guides from various sections of this island State of Australia made the twenty-seven maps, which are a picture story in themselves, showing the scenery, birds, flowers, industrial and rural life of the island. The five dolls are dressed in Girl Guide uniforms, and were made by handicapped Rangers of the Tasmanian Girl Guides. A member of the Australian Consulate in San Francisco presented these gifts at the annual meeting of the Rogue Valley Council. And from the local Girl Scouts he received gifts that will be sent to their friends in Tasmania.

Rogue Valley Girl Scouts are eager to make new friends at home, as well as abroad, and in one of their special activities they have an eye to the future. Whenever a baby girl is born in the Valley, she receives a special greeting from the Girl Scouts—an attractive card with a picture of a Girl Scout and a Brownie on the cover, peeping into a bassinette. On the inside there is a little verse welcoming the new baby. It is a friendly gesture which pleases the mothers, and has won many new friends for the Girl Scouts of Rogue Valley.

Another group which is doing something concrete to further World

Friendship is Troop 132 of Jenkintown, Pennsylvania. This International Friendship troop of the Philadelphia Council is linked with a troop of Girl Guides in Biggar, Scotland, and this year, as a Thinking Day token, they packed and sent a Thinking Day box to their friends across the sea.

Not content with exchanging letters and pictures, the Jenkintown Girl Scouts are looking forward to some day visiting their Scotch "link." The trip is still in the planning stage, but the troop is already busy with long-term preparations, believing with the Chinese philosopher that "the longest journey begins with a single step." Here's wishing them good luck in their planning!

To help a needy family with food and clothing, as Troop 26 in Gastonia North Carolina, had been doing, is one thing. It is quite another thing, however, to practically build a house for the family, and the girls knew that this job was beyond their abilities. But what they couldn't do themselves, they decided, they could get others to help with, and when they told their families and neighbors of the plight of the mother and three small children they had been aiding, the necessary help was forthcoming at once. Within three days, building material had been purchased and fathers of troop members, and the neighbors, were hard at work putting on a roof, nailing up siding, and installing lights in the little house. Before the Girl Scouts had stopped rubbing their amazed eyes, the family was snugly sheltered.

The heavy work, of course, was done by the men, but the girls helped in many ways—not the least of which was keeping the workers supplied with hot coffee when the mercury dropped low. It was a fine example of community co-operation, sparked by Girl Scout initiative and resourcefulness.

With the first signs of spring—daffodils on a city street or bright-green clumps of skunk cabbage along a country lane—camping begins to fill the thoughts of Girl Scouts everywhere. There are nearly as

## All Over Headline News

many different kinds of camping for Scouts as there are States in the Union, and we have received accounts of some that are quite exciting and unusual.

Last summer's second Caravan Camp was certainly an exciting adventure for the Senior Girl Scouts and adults of Denver, Colorado, who enjoyed the ten days of camping in the Rocky Mountains. And for the French Girl Scout "exchange leader" who was their special guest, it was particularly thrilling.

The group set out from Dillon, Colorado, taking with them only the minimum of necessities in the way of clothing, food, and camp equipment, for this was to be real, rugged outdoor living, and they would make their own camps and do their own cooking along the way. Every one of the ten days held its own special adventure. The girls climbed Notch Mountain and were rewarded with breathtaking views; the serene beauty of Chapman Lake was well worth the long, difficult climb. An outstanding experience was their visit to Marble City—now a deserted ghost town—where they explored the caverns and ruined buildings of the once-famous marble quarries. For many of the campers, the most exciting part of the trip was the ride through the air by the chair lift at Aspen. And for all of them the ten days' trip, climaxing with a beautiful campfire on the last night out, was a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

To follow the trail of Coronado in his search for the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola, to explore Indian villages ancient



Colorado Caravan trippers pitch camp for a night in a lovely Rocky Mountain meadow

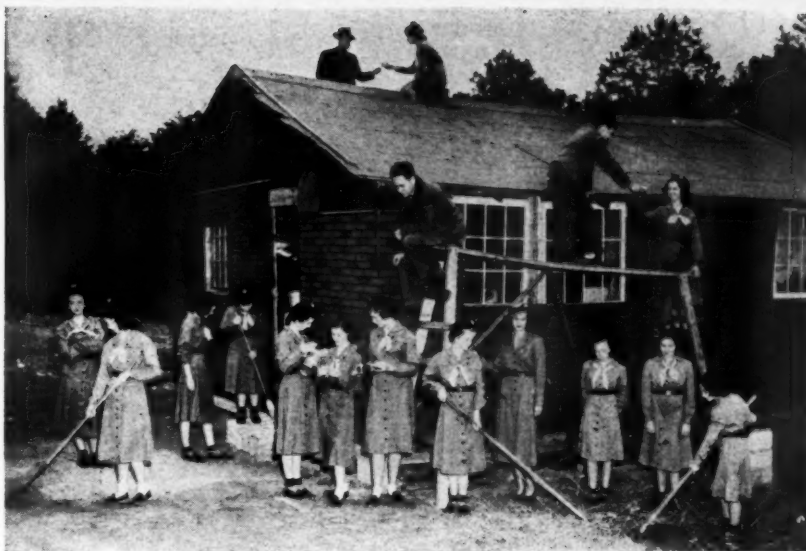
# the Map

## in Girl Scouting

when the first white men saw them, to visit some of our well-known National Monuments—this was the experience of the girls who were members, last year, of the Senior Girl Scout Archaeological Mobile Camp. The camping expedition with the long name is sponsored jointly by the Museum of New Mexico and the Girl Scouts of Region Nine, with headquarters in Dallas, Texas. The girls came from Texas, New York, Oklahoma, Missouri, New Mexico, California, and Colorado, and all were experienced campers. This was an important requirement, for the two weeks' expedition was literally camping in the rough.

Under the guidance of the curator of ethnology in the School of American Research, the expedition, which included four other adults, set out from Santa Fe, New Mexico. The high point of the first day was the climb to the famous "sky pueblo" of Acoma, one of the oldest, continuously-occupied villages in the United States. During the trip, the girls visited a number of other famous Indian villages, like Laguna and Zuni, studying the unique paintings and carvings, watching the Indian craftsmen as they worked on the beautiful jewelry for which they are famous.

With the help of the naturalist member of the group, they learned much about the unusual animal and plant life of the area; they explored the spectacular ice caves, and camped one night at El Morro, a huge rock on which can be seen the names of some of the early explorers of that region, carved by the men who have been immortalized in history and legend. Each eve-



Many hands make light work as members of Troop 26, Gastonia, North Carolina, and parents and friends finish a house they are building for a needy family

ning visitors to the camp, or one of the adults in the group, gave talks on the archaeology, history, or wild life of the region, and the girls soon were steeped in the colorful, fascinating lore of the Southwest. To their delight, the expedition also gave them an opportunity to visit many of the famous National Monuments in that section of the country—the Petrified Forest, Meteor Crater, Window Rock, and the cliff-dweller ruins of Canyon de Chelly, among others.

The sixteen Girl Scouts from seven States returned to Santa Fe firm friends, and broke up reluctantly. They returned home, as one of them expressed it, "haunted with the ancient beauty and dazzled with the wide splendor of the great Southwest."

It takes a good deal of practice before most of us feel confident that we can "do and say the proper thing in the proper way" on every occasion. So the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts of Waterloo, Iowa, decided to work together at learning to put into practice the advice and suggestions in the illustrated booklet, "Your Ticket to Popularity,"\* sponsored jointly by the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts of the United States. They had a lot of fun brushing up on good manners, acting out together the correct behavior for all sorts of social occasions.

As a follow-up to all these practice sessions, the Senior Girl Scouts and Explorer Boy Scouts gave a party to celebrate jointly the Boy Scout birthday. More than a hundred boys and girls attended the party, and even those who had never danced before lost their shyness and soon learned to do The Butterfly, The Igloo, and other square dances. The girls, as might be expected, planned, prepared, and served the refreshments. The high light of the evening was the Bridge of Honor, at which Senior Boy Scouts received their badge awards.

The etiquette-practice sessions, and the party, were so much fun and proved so popular with the boys and girls that plans are now being worked out for other joint activities.

\*"Your Ticket to Popularity" (catalog number 19450, price 10¢) may be purchased from your local Girl Scout Equipment Service Agency.



Boy and Girl Scouts of Waterloo, Iowa, enjoy their etiquette-practice meetings

A visit to an Audubon Bird Sanctuary was one of the most enjoyable activities of Troop 87, of Waban, Massachusetts, while the girls were working on badge requirements in the Nature field. The Audubon Society maintains sanctuaries for the protection of birds and other wild life all over the United States, and these Girl Scouts decided to visit the one nearest them, in Sharon, Massachusetts.

An hour's drive by car brought the girls and their leaders to the Sharon sanctuary, where they were taken in tow by the superintendent. He showed them the birdhouses he had built and placed in specially chosen spots throughout the protected area, to encourage the birds to nest and make their homes there. Then he explained to the girls about the kinds of foods preferred by the various birds, and showed them how and where the birds are fed. An exciting moment of their long hike through the woods—during which they learned to identify many new trees and moss growths—was an unexpected meeting with a porcupine, a creature many of the girls had never before seen.

Quite literally, the high point of the visit was the climb to the top of the tall lookout tower from which Forest Rangers keep watch for fires in the wooded areas of the region. In the clear air, the girls could see the Statehouses in Providence, Rhode Island, and Boston, Massachusetts. A bird's-eye view from a bird sanctuary!

### YOU ARE NEWS!

"All Over the Map" is strictly a department for headline news about Girl Scouts everywhere: what they are doing and how they are doing it. Other Girl Scouts—and Girl Guides, too—are just as interested in reading about your activities as you are in knowing what they are doing. So do let us have news of your community services, your fun, your special or pet projects. Send us photographs, too—glossy prints, large and clear enough to reproduce well in the magazine, showing Girl Scouts engaged in some activity. Remember, this department is especially for you, and by you, and of you!





**Plains Camping.** Campers are gathering long grasses from a near-by field to use in weaving sit-upons on looms they have set up out-of-doors

Paul Parker Photo



**Beach Camping.** With their tent pitched securely on the sands, these campers are getting all set for a comfortable, enjoyable stay at the beach



**Mountain Camping.** The huge rocks on this campsite make it easy for campers to choose a fine, safe, sheltered location for outdoor cookery

# Where do YOU go camping?

by ROSALIE CAMPBELL

**Dry or rainy, rocky or sandy or wooded,  
high or low, windy or calm--  
camping is always fun**

**N**ORTH OR SOUTH, East or West, on lakes or rivers or seashore, in mountains or plains or desert—everywhere throughout this big, broad country, camping spells adventure to hundreds of thousands of Girl Scouts each year.

Whether you go camping for a few days, for a week, or for months, there's always the excitement of getting away from the day-to-day routines at home, the fun of working and playing and living in the out-of-doors with girls who like to do the same things you do.

But is the adventurous life that camping offers the same wherever you go? Do you need the same skills, say, in Maine as in Florida? Do you make the same preparations in Colorado as in Kansas? Do activities differ widely? Are there different pitfalls to watch out for?

Let's see what some Girl Scout camping experts have to say about these questions. Their answers will not only tell you more about how girls do things in parts of the country other than your own, but will also be helpful to those of you who are thinking of exchange camping with girls in different States. Of course, if you are planning to camp where climate and terrain are new to you, you'll make your preparations only after consulting people thoroughly familiar with the territory. However, the information that we have gleaned from these experts with experience in particular types of camping will give you the high lights of the camping picture across the nation.

## Mountain and Lake Camping

First, let's look to the mountains, and the mountain lakes.

Tiptop physical condition is especially important here. "How's the heart?" is the first question, and the answer must be "First rate," for climbing and other physical activities at high altitudes do mean extra strain.

And what a wealth of activities you have to choose from! There may be burro trips or horseback riding, and just hiking will lead to adventure in almost any direction—exploring new trails, viewing scenes of beauty and grandeur after an exhilarating climb to a peak, studying the wild flowers and animals of the region.

Where there are lakes, you are likely to have boating and canoeing. There may be swimming, but often mountain lakes are so cold that there's no swimming or it is limited to short periods.

What about equipment? You must be prepared for both cold and hot weather even in midsummer, for the nights are likely to be chilly, the days warm. Sturdy shoes with durable soles are a must, and boots are recommended for climbing. Overshoes, raincoat, and a covering for the head are other essentials. Wool socks and slacks or jeans are best for long hikes—and it's wise to have a warm jacket. Be sure to have several warm blankets and, if sleeping out, a water-repellent tarpaulin for covering. Sleeping bags are fine for mountain trip camps, as they make for a lighter, less bulky pack. There may be mosquitoes and black flies, so take along insect repellent.

Wood aplenty is usually available in the mountains, and often you can find rocky sites perfect for outdoor fires. On climbing trips, you'll want to make use of concentrated foods to keep your pack light. Do plan simple meals, remembering that at high altitudes, foods take longer to cook and that recipes for baking must be adapted slightly.

Here are a few pointers on safety in the mountains. Take it easy the first day or two, to acclimate yourself to the change of altitude. Know how to find your way about the woods, and what to expect in the way of weather. Be on guard against sudden storms, and be extremely careful in fire building to avoid starting forest fires.

## Plains Camping

A very different camping experience awaits you on the dry, windy, Western plains.

To watchful eyes, an exploring trip offers something interesting every step of the way. You may investigate fossil beds and find arrowheads, bones, and Indian pottery; you may even follow a program based on the life of the early pioneers and the Plains Indians.

Everywhere on the plains, studying the plants and animals about you is fascinating. Hundreds of little prairie dogs about the size of a rat may be seen scampering about. There are many small, harmless garter snakes and grass snakes, also land toads. The wild flowers, shrubs, and other plants that grow in the dry, sandy soil of many plains areas are quite different from those in other parts of this country. There may not be many shade trees.

Crafts will be important in your program. Because of the extreme heat in the middle of the day, strenuous activities must come in the morning or late afternoon. After lunch there will be a long rest period, probably followed by handicrafts. You will, of course, make use of the natural materials found about you—native clay for pottery making, tall grasses for weaving, corn husks for making mats and baskets. You'll make use of nature's gifts for food as well as for crafts. Wild plums, grapes, chokecherries, and buffalo berries may be found in many places. One troop last year made buffalo-berry jelly which won prizes at their county fair.

Speaking of food, you'll want to have kinds that keep well. You may have to use powdered milk instead of fresh. And at some camps, all the water for cooking and drinking has to be brought along. Wood is scarce, so you have to learn to economize in using it, and you may substitute buddy burners and tin-can stoves.

Because of the high winds, you must keep your food stores well covered, always—and you need special skills for pitching tents and securing them firmly. You'll be on the alert for sudden windstorms, and take special care to avoid starting grass fires.

In getting together your clothing, you want to have a good sun hat, sturdy walking shoes, and long-sleeved shirts and blue jeans to protect your arms and legs. Be sure to have along insect repellents, a snake-bite kit, and plenty of sunburn lotion. You probably won't need "sit-upons" as there is no dew in the morning, and you can usually tell ahead of time when it will rain. You probably won't even need a raincoat and overshoes!

The best time for plains camping varies. In some States, June and July are preferable to August, which may be too hot and dry. In other States, from mid-June to mid-July, and the last two weeks in August, are the periods preferred (fewer insects, less heat, and usually less chance of rain).

## Desert Camping

Now let's see what you can expect if you go camping in desert areas like some sections of the Southwest. A full and exciting program, any desert camper will tell you. You may play games among the sand dunes or study rock formations; go on an archeological expedition, seeking to unearth prehistoric dwellings; undertake an orienting project, exploring unmapped territory.

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# SPEAKING OF MOVIES



## FATHER'S LITTLE DIVIDEND

—This lighthearted sequel to "Father of the Bride" has the same fine cast—Elizabeth Taylor, Spencer Tracy, Billie Burke, Joan Bennett, and Don Taylor—to make this a completely enjoyable picture. When Kay and Buckley Dunston's son is born, the competition between the two sets of in-laws is terrific, and the various complications are amusing and true to life. As is usually the case, the baby proves himself quite a scene stealer. (MGM)

**SMUGGLER'S ISLAND**—Here is romance and high adventure, with pirates and gold smugglers, off the China Coast. Broke and down in his luck, a deep-sea diver, Steve Kent, is hired by a girl, Vivian Craig, to dive for a shipment of aureomycin lost in a wrecked plane. When Steve discovers that the package contains black-market gold, instead of the aureomycin, things happen—fast and dangerously. Jeff Chandler plays Steve Kent, and Evelyn Keyes plays Vivian Craig. (Universal-International)



**THE GREAT CARUSO**—This is an outstanding production, with magnificent music and fine acting. Filmed in Technicolor, the picture holds the interest from the very first scene, as it tells dramatically and tenderly the story of the struggles, disappointments, and successes of one of the world's most famous and beloved singers. As Caruso, Mario Lanza is excellent, and Ann Blyth is lovely and appealing as Dorothy Benjamin, the young girl who believed in him and became his wife. (MGM)

## APPOINTMENT WITH DANGER

—An action-packed drama based on the important but little-known Postal Inspection Service. Alan Ladd is a tough, cynical inspector, Al Goddard, on the trail of the murderers of another inspector. Phyllis Calvert plays the aun, Sister Augustine, who is the only witness to that murder. Goddard pretends to join the gang he believes responsible for the crime, and both Sister Augustine and he nearly lose their lives before he catches the murderers. (Paramount)



by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK

the main watchword of desert camping. As in the plains, you'll schedule all strenuous activities for the early morning or after sundown, having quiet activities for an hour before and after noon. Some days may even be too hot for outdoor cookery at noon. Shelter from the sun is an absolute necessity. Lean-tos are most practical; tents usually prove too warm in daytime, too cold at night. Sunstroke is a hazard for desert campers. To guard against it, you must have adequate clothing, including a hat or some other head covering. Camp experts recommend that you bring a sweater or jacket, and wear jeans, shirt, and sturdy shoes. Halters and shorts are not allowed unless the campsite has a good deal of shelter from the sun.

Your meals will be largely limited to canned and dried foods, because refrigeration is impossible in most desert camping. You'll have to carry along all your water, so foods should be thirst quenching, if possible, and not too salty. Canned peaches and tomatoes are often the sole stock of the prospector, along with dried beans, flour, and so on. It's important to know how to cook with a minimum of fuel. Buddy burners are often used, and may be set deep into the ground on very windy days.

Being able to find your way about is just as vital in the desert as it is in woods and mountains, for desert country can be confusing and overwhelming; if you're wise, you'll stay within a short distance of your base at all times. Because wind and sand storms may come up quickly, you'll want to be prepared to protect yourself against them. There are snakes, spiders, and insects in the desert, and the best way to cope with them is to know about their habits, know what to avoid doing, have a special first-aid kit handy, and know how to treat any wounds that may occur.

In some areas, desert camping is possible the year round, late spring and early fall bringing ideal weather for it. In other areas, June and July are best.

## Semitropical Camping

Our southeastern States, such as Florida and Alabama, offer you another excitingly different kind of camping. If you have ever experienced outdoor living in the tropics, you'll know the delights of the wonderful sweet and spicy scents, the brilliant colors of the days, the soft beauty of the nights. Nature will probably be the "star" of your program. Exotic orchids and countless other wild flowers, brilliant birds and butterflies, unusual mosses, vines, shrubs, and trees, make every tropical exploring trip a unique adventure. You may have to rely on the old-timers among the naturalists of the region for much of your information—and you may have a chance to do on-the-spot research in this field—because little has been written about the native tropical plant life. Perhaps your nature project will be the study of Argentine fire ants. Many camps are near the seashores or on inland waterways, so that boating, canoeing, swimming, collecting shells, and observing marine life will probably also be important in your program.

You will, of course, avoid overexertion in the middle of the day, and you won't play strenuous games, but will find fun in campcrafts (often using palmetto fronds), in sketching, dramatics, storytelling and creative writing. Outdoor campfires may not be possible at night because of insects, and in



summer months you won't have noontime cookouts because of the heat. In some camps, rocky formations prevent your having bean holes and trench fires.

Your menus must be planned with foods that keep well. Packaged and prepared foods are favorites. Your clothing is generally light; you won't need heavy sweaters and coats, but do have raincoats and overshoes. It's nice to have several bathing suits, and you'll want jeans, slacks, long-sleeved shirts, and sturdy shoes with tops, for exploring hammock lands. (Of course, you won't do any hammock exploring before a seasoned tropical camper has gone through the area to locate poisonous plants, sinkholes, and so on.) Other equipment "musts" are adequate headgear, sun-tan lotion, salt tablets, insect repellent, snake-bite kit, and mosquito nets for overnights or sleeping in tents.

Semitropical camping can be done the year round in these areas, though some campers say winter months are best; some say August is least desirable because it's usually the rainiest, buggiest month. Special care must be taken during hurricane seasons, when the winds, wind currents, and barometric readings should be watched carefully.

### Seashore Camping

Summer means beach and beach means fun to many girls who live near the sea or a sound or a bay, or near the shore of one of the Great Lakes. Are you a beach lover? Then you don't have to be sold on the idea of hikes along the shore; brisk swims that give you an enormous appetite and make everything taste wonderful; games in the water and on the sands, or just lazing around, singing songs and telling stories.

There may be water skiing, surf boarding, boating, and often sailing; perhaps crabbing, clamming, or fishing. The days offer an endless variety of interesting activities.

In planning menus, you'll want to take advantage of the fine foods readily available at the shore; you'll have fish fries, and clam-bakes, or perhaps try crabcakes or broiled lobster. You'll want plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables, too. Corn is a favorite at the shore—especially corn roasted in its husks. Pit fires are easy to make and are fine for beach cookery; or you may build an ordinary fire, using driftwood you find on the beach for fuel, choosing a site where hillocks or rocks provide wind shelter, if possible.

When sleeping in tents on the beach, you can pitch your tents right on the sands if you have the know-how. Tie your tent ropes to a stick or a rock which you bury in the sand, and put the poles on seaweed so they won't sink down too far. Anchor your tent front and back. You can sleep quite comfortably on the sand by hollowing out a place for your body, pushing the sand up a little higher as a pillow where your head fits. Be sure you have plenty of covering underneath as well as over you, for the sands are cold and moist at night.

Standard camping equipment serves you well for beach camping in most places, but do have several bathing suits, sneakers, sun lotion, sun glasses, and insect repellent—and do check on your particular locale.

You'll want to guard against sunburn (on windy, overcast days as well as sunny ones), and follow to the letter all practices that make for safety in the water, watching out for tides, undertows, currents, and sudden storms.

July and August are best for beach camp-



Ophicleide

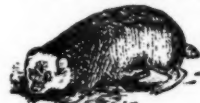


Clarion



Lute

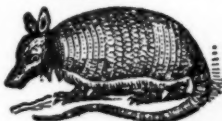
### MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS



Lemming



Skink

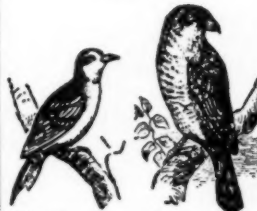


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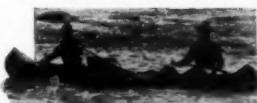
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# PUZZLING FOODS

by BORIS RANDOLPH

In each row, find a word that answers to the definition under GRAY, and put it in the GRAY squares. Then find a word that answers to the definition under WHITE, and put in the WHITE squares. If both words are correct, they will mesh together to form the name of something to eat.








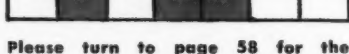
Here is an example:

GRAY		WHITE
Containers		Cutting tool
		
		

For practice, nibble first on this short puzzle:

GRAY		WHITE
Posed		Cord
Sun god		Desert animal
Wise man		This country (ab.)

By now you have probably worked up a puzzle appetite, so here is one that you can really set your teeth into:

GRAY		WHITE
Wet earth		Heavenly body
Hurried		Short-spoken
Pawn (slang)		Sum up
Slice		Gem: variety of chalcedony
Medicinal plant		Placed
Cooking utensil		Arrive
Vessel used at baptisms		Man's name
Wagon track		Nocturnal animal (ab.)

Please turn to page 58 for the correct answers to these taste teasers.

ing in the northern States, but as you go farther south the season becomes longer.

WE COULDN'T possibly tell you about *all* the types of camping you can find in every part of the United States. There may be light and deep woods camping, island and river camping, each with its own differences. All sorts of combinations are possible on a single campsite, too. And, of course, there's winter camping in various terrains.

You will agree, we are sure, that a good camper with basic camping skills, who finds out definitely beforehand, from someone thoroughly familiar with the region, what she needs to have and what she needs to know, can have fun camping anywhere. It's a matter of know-how, plus resourcefulness in making use of the materials at hand, plus common sense. And you can see what a great big, varied world of camping adventure awaits you.

THE END

## United Nations Youth

(Continued from page 15)

suggestions as to plans and programs for your group. You, as a local chapter, will decide where you want to spend most of your time and energy.

To be well-informed is a *must* for all members of United Nations Youth—U. N. Y. to you now that you are initiated. You can't tell others about the United Nations unless you yourself know about it.

Speeches and forums are good ways to get information. Excellent films on the U. N. can be rented. Discussion groups are fine, because you will find out how much you *know* and also how much you do *not* know. Besides, discussion is fun.

Each year the American Association for the United Nations offers a prize to the high school student giving the best answers to questions on the United Nations. The first prize is a trip to Europe—or five hundred dollars. The second prize is one hundred dollars. Many smaller prizes are often donated by local committees.

In 1950, students from 2,840 public, private, and parochial schools competed. Students entered from every State and from Alaska and Hawaii. About 60,000 of them grappled with the contest questions.

Whether or not you win a prize, you learn a great deal about the United Nations. And this is the real value of the contest.

The adult contest committee of Harrisonburg, Virginia, was so pleased with the local winners last year that all of them were sent to Lake Success to visit the United Nations. The fact that Virginia has separate schools for Negro and white children did not deter the committee. The local prizes were offered to both schools, and the prize winners from both schools visited the United Nations together.

All of the U. N. Y.'s entertain foreign students when they have an opportunity, and many members correspond with other students in faraway places. U. N. Y. in Great Neck, Long Island, New York has many students whose fathers or mothers work in the Secretariat of the U. N. at Lake Success. This U. N. Y. sends food and clothing to needy students in foreign countries.

The Baltimore U. N. Y. is one of the largest and most active. Sometimes three

thousand students jam their big meetings. Yet the Baltimore chapter began with just one student-government group studying the United Nations. The students became so enthusiastic that they interested others. Then the Board of Education recommended U. N. Y.'s to all the high schools.

The Baltimore U. N. Y.'s were so successful that the whole State of Maryland began to organize, and the group is now known as United Nations Youth of Maryland. The president for the current year is Albert D. Dixon of the Douglass High School in Baltimore, and the vice-president is Nancy Rossman from the Towson High School in the suburbs of Baltimore.

Baltimore was fortunate from the very beginning in having alert and active U. N. Y. members. Patricia Maguire, better known as "Pat," was one of the charter members. She was a student at Baltimore's Notre Dame High School and Chairman of Education of U. N. Y. from 1945 through 1947. Pat is the kind of a girl who does many things well. She studied music, art, dramatics, and ballet. She was a Mariner Scout and Coxswain of Mariner troop 94, The Flying Cloud. She won all sorts of contests and was an officer in many youth organizations. But it was in the field of international affairs that Pat developed an overwhelming interest.

While working in the U. N. Y., Pat won a scholarship to Baltimore's Notre Dame College. She now works in a doctor's office to help out with her college expenses, and she is active in the Collegiate Council for the United Nations, holding the office of State Chairman of C. C. U. N. for Maryland and Washington, D. C. colleges.

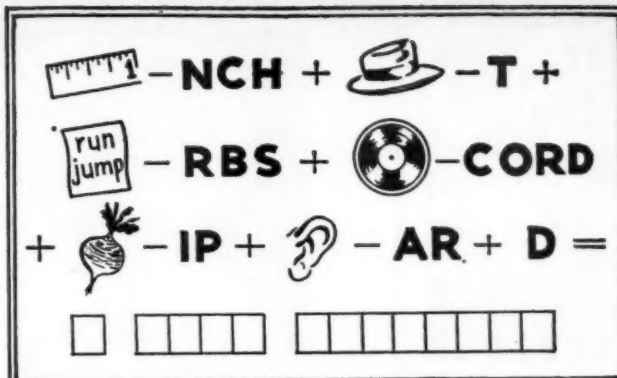
And the Baltimore U. N. Y. that she helped to start goes on with a varied and exciting program. Entertain foreign guests? Even the Rotary Club in Baltimore asks them to help because they know that the U. N. Y. has entertained young people from Latin America and from the Scandinavian countries. U. N. Y. managed this by inviting the foreign students from the New York Herald Tribune Youth Forums to come down to Baltimore. A few Baltimoreans were able to return the visits and went abroad to live for a few weeks with Scandinavian families.

Some of the most popular programs are those in which national songs and folk dances in native costumes are featured. Sometimes native dishes are cooked and served. The words "international friendship" become real and warm and lasting as everybody turns to the thoroughly international habit of eating.

U. N. Y. in Baltimore has its own radio program once a month. And each high school has a study group on the U. N. Their speakers' bureau has become so well known that the young people are often asked to speak on the United Nations at civic clubs, women's organizations, and church groups. You, too, can do these things if you have a U. N. Y.

Of course, in regard to the political problems of our world community, you will be preparing yourself for the time when you are a voting citizen. Then you can help elect the people who make our foreign policy. For, when you go to the ballot box or the voting machine, you must decide which party and which national candidates will carry out the kind of foreign policy that you want. What you decide may make world peace possible.

If you go to college you may find a Collegiate Council for the United Nations—



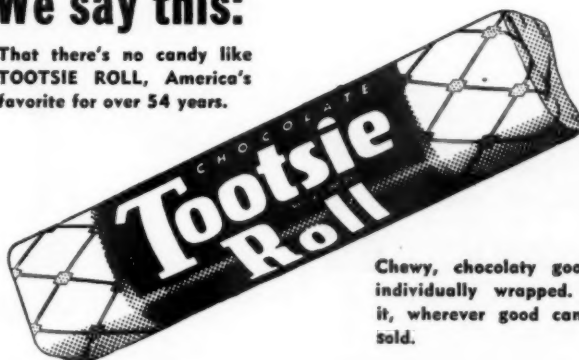
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C. C. U. N.—at work on the campus. These C. C. U. N. groups are in 194 colleges in thirty-five States and in Hawaii.

Some of the first U. N. Y. members are now in college. And some of them can now see the results of their preparation for good citizenship. Stephen W. Schwebel is one of these.

Stephen was the first president of the national U. N. Y. when he was a student at the James Madison High School in New York City. He was intelligent and eager to learn more, and he had the capacity for hard work. He was always anxious to do that extra little bit that would make his project a success.

When he finished high school in 1946, Stephen went to Harvard. As a freshman, he immediately started a C. C. U. N. there. Stephen was the National Chairman of the C. C. U. N. until he graduated in June, 1950. Then he won a scholarship to Cambridge University in England, which he is now attending.

During the time he was at Harvard, Stephen went to Washington twice to bring the views of the young people before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. What impressed the Senators was the fact that students, organized, and from different parts of the country, were giving time and thought to world problems.

High school students are not just dreaming of world peace, they are preparing themselves to take on all the problems, all the work and the worry, that will make world peace a reality. They are realizing that, as Milton S. Eisenhower, Chairman of the United States Commission for UNESCO says, "To be a good American these days, one must strive also to be a good citizen of the world."

THE END

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# Jokes

## OLD HOMESTEAD

FIRST G.I. (sightseeing in Germany): They tell me this castle has stood for 4000 years. Not one stone has been touched, nothing altered, nothing repaired.

SECOND G.I.: They must have the same landlord we've got at home.

Sent by MARGERY HENRY, Houston, Texas

## TIME ON THEIR LINES

A traveler strolled up to a fisherman. "Having any luck?"

"Pretty good," answered the angler. "I haven't had a bite in three hours."

"What's so good about that?" asked the amazed traveler.

"You see that guy over there? Well, he hasn't had a bite in six hours."

Sent by LINEKE LINDEMAN, Oogstgeest, Holland

## STORMY WEATHER

TEACHER: Mary, spell the word weather.

MARY: W-E-T-H-E-R.

TEACHER: Well, that's about the worst spell of weather we've had in some time.

Sent by YVONNE DAVES, Seattle, Washington

## RESOURCEFUL

CHEMISTRY TEACHER: This gas is a deadly poison. What steps would you take if it escaped?

STUDENT: Long ones, sir.

Sent by IRENE MENNEMEYER, Edwardsville, Illinois

## CURIOUS CURRICULUM

MOTHER: Sally, what have you been studying about in school?

SALLY: Guzintas.

MOTHER: What in the world are guzintas?

SALLY: Oh, you know, two guzinta six three times!

Sent by ANN WOOLWINE, Sunland, California



"Sandwich spread, Elalo, is what people get from eating between meals."

## PERFECT SCORE

"Now can anyone tell me where Detroit is?" the geography teacher asked.

Instantly, Sam's hand shot up. "Detroit," he announced, "is playing New York at the Polo Grounds."

Sent by MARTHA JEAN EARLY, Oberlin, Ohio

## SPECIAL REWARD

JOHN: Did your father promise you something if you raked the leaves?

JACK: No, but he promised me something if I didn't.

Sent by EMILYANNE D'ANIELLO, Palham Manor, New York

## TICK TOCK

JOY: My father just makes faces for a living.

JERRY: How does he manage that?

JOY: He works in a clock factory.

Sent by MARTHA WOODARD, Henderson, North Carolina

## DUMB DOG

A lady was amazed to see a man and a dog playing checkers together.

LADY: That dog would make your fortune in the movies or on the stage.

MAN: Oh, he isn't so smart. I beat him four out of five games.

Sent by VIRGINIA MEARS, Baton Rouge, Louisiana

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 135 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink on the typewriter.

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They look like "speed!" Priced to fit your budget. New!...ROCKET-RAY lights your way brilliantly. ROCKET HORN gives a road-clearing blast. Lustrous baked white enamel finish. Bright metal trim. Mount on handlebar or front fender of any bicycle or "three-wheeler." Each unit uses two standard 1 1/4-inch flashlight cells... See your bicycle dealer!

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Dress by Junior First on page 25 may be purchased at these stores

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## ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLING FOODS ON PAGE 54

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So easy—  
you'll like  
to make them  
yourself



- grand for  
lunch or  
afternoon  
snacks



And remember—  
a banana treat  
gives you  
vitamins,  
minerals,  
fruit sugars, too.



## BANANA OATMEAL COOKIES

- |                        |                            |
|------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1½ cups sifted flour   | ¾ cup shortening           |
| 1 cup sugar            | 1 egg, well-beaten         |
| ½ teaspoon baking soda | 1 cup mashed ripe bananas* |
| 1 teaspoon salt        | (2 to 3 bananas)           |
| ¼ teaspoon nutmeg      | 1¾ cups rolled quick oats  |
| ¾ teaspoon cinnamon    | ½ cup chopped nuts         |

\*Use fully ripe bananas . . . yellow peel flecked with brown

Sift together flour, sugar, soda, salt, nutmeg and cinnamon into mixing bowl. Cut in shortening. Add egg, bananas, rolled oats and nuts. Beat until thoroughly blended. Drop by teaspoonfuls, about 1½ inches apart, onto ungreased cookie pans. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 15 minutes, or until cookies are done. Remove from pan immediately. Makes about 3½ dozen cookies.



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My name is \_\_\_\_\_ My age \_\_\_\_\_

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